

The Flamingo
Legend

by Kaye Rodomar

"The Flamingo Legend" has been awarded the Five Dollar War Savings Certificate offered for the best contribution to the Christmas issue of the Daily.

ANY a gallant ship has gone down to the sea from New England ports; so many that landsfolk have tired of hearing the impossible tales of those who sail the sea. With the coming of war fought by soldiers, aeroplanes and a navy with uniforms, the heroism of the merchant ships was forgotten. Funny, about a sailor, old and wrinkled by many winds of many seas and a kid on his first voyage; you sense a feeling between them like a secret or an oath, a something you can't put your finger on. Perhaps they are bound by common knowledge of legends drawn from the sea.

Wonder how many men have felt new warmth in Arctic storm; a resurgence of new faith in a South Seas gale; when in the hold a sailor will drink a rum too many and tell the Flamingo Legend. It can happen in an icy strait on the Murmansk run when you're waiting for a strafing from Jerry; or off the Portuguese coast in the yellow light of fresh morning. Told always at sea because it is a sea story, and landsmen have no honest business with it.

In the beginning, the Legend was held within the Merchant Fleet; international it was, for how could it escape such fame. It was connected with the Marine, it WAS the Marine. When you hear it, it becomes another part of you like a glowing heart or a ready fist. When the sea rides up on deck and blasts a wintry shriek up the companionway—remember the Flamingo Legend—the story of Johnny Flamingo.

Sailors who have sailed the tropical seas know that a flamingo is a bird of distinct and colourful family. Johnny wasn't. In fact, no one knows why he was called 'Flamingo'. The 'Johnny' was alright—anybody's name can be 'Johnny', but the 'Flamingo'—strange. And yet, as you watched that kid working on the ropes, or cashing along the deck to his station, he was like a bird—longlegged and fleet and strong. Where did he come from? Nobody knew. He never talked about the land. A kid of twenty could remember times before he put to sea, but Flamingo never could—and didn't want to. "Like as if I was born aboard," he used to say and with a sudden laugh he'd gaze off into that waiting sea, exultant with his love of her.

To look at him you might imagine his mother to have been a dancing-girl on Broadway—his eyes were a brilliant blue—his body keyed to an exacting rhythm. His father could have been a poet—for Johnny had imagination so much a part of him, that he bothered little with anyone else, just sat up on deck stretching his legs—while now and then you'd hear his boyish laugh riding the waves and away.

Johnny Flamingo was a gunner. In peace times he'd loved the life of a deckhand; but with the war he'd trained for gunnery; and 'though he had no brothers out there fighting, like us men, and no close friends going down in the cargo ships his gun talked the coolest murder of any six inches in the two wide ponds. His ship the 'Callie King' was a medium tanker plying the hottest runs in those bleak early days. At—

Continued on Page Six

Winter Moment

The sky swooped down and the crystal stars
Were suddenly close for the hand to reach;
The drifted snow shone whitely clear
And the trees bent glistening heads to hear.

The silent air was like a bell
About to ring;
It seemed some great massed choir
Was about to sing;

The whole world waited with eyes afloat,
For something it only hoped to see;
Then the stars went back and the branches swayed
From the touch of some strain that was never played.

A. E. R.

Old Fashioned
Christmas

by Alice Benett

Kayne stood in whirling snow and held tightly to Mike's present. The grim old station leered at her knowingly, and a strange affection warmed her. It had at least afforded shelter for that brief half-hour with Mike. Half an hour measured out by the big clock in the waiting-room—hot coffee, an exchange of Christmas presents, abrupt conversation and a kiss for goodbye. Only half an hour between trains out of all his Christmas leave, perhaps his last on this side. Soon he would be caught up in the whirl of family Christmas in gossip, friendly Brantford. And Kayne would join in a family celebration here in Montreal, because Dad also had leave. Only half an hour, and gone now. She had tried so hard to hold it now there was nothing left but the little parcel in her hand.

Clutching it firmly she struggled onto a streetcar.

Pictures whirled before her like the wind-driven snow: Mike's eyes smiling over the thick blue-edged coffee cup... the turn of his gloved hand over the swagger stick... his flagrantly bulging tunic pocket...

The streetcar rocked to a stop, and in one of her paper bags something stirred uneasily. The jointed wooden toys for two small sisters' stockings; a smile touched her lips. And it faded. Family Christmas—with tree and stockings and family church-going. Smouldering discontent sent up a flame of revolt. Family Christmas had allowed them that half-hour. Dreary evenings closed in on the city, and sullen resentment of dreary Christmas cheer was on her.

The park spun by, starred with lamps. The curtain of snow hung over it was torn and shredded by the wind that scoured the fallen snow.

The house was quiet at last. From upstairs came the sound of Mother and Dad's voices as they wrapped a last parcel. The two little ones, their exuberance still by sleepiness, chattered in bed. The family cat stole quietly under the tree to dream of forests and hunting. The house settled itself.

Continued on Page Six

Summer's End

Translated by Irving Massey from the Yiddish of Ida Maze.

The summer has now sung all its hymns
And rests near the river with weary limbs.

Field in the sun with its stalks in sheaves,
The river reflects colored maple-leaves.

A mirror smooth, the river gleams,
Sleeps 'neath the forest's wing and dreams.

The twigs are drawn thin, in a reef
On the mirror falls a yellow leaf.

A yellow, a red leaf falling breaks
The river up into silver plates.

And the sun, like an apple of yellow flakes,
Sways in the river on silver plates.

And over the bridge and the river cast,
Autumn's golden cords made fast.

A Christmas Message



A Very Happy Christmas to every member of this University, to your family and to your friends.

Most of you, I hope, will be spending Christmastide with family or friends and I trust that you may find the spirit which Dickens found at Bob Cratchit's. If Christmas is to you a season of thanksgiving, there is much to be thankful for this year: if it is a time at which you think upon the message that the angels sang, there is no moment in all the history of mankind when the ideals of peace on earth and goodwill to men were more precious or more important.

We have come through four long years of war: the road ahead will be hard. You will have these things in your mind, and will offer a silent prayer for all those men and women on distant battlefields who have won for us by their courage and fortitude the privilege of celebrating Christmas. But do not, in the fashion of a colleague of mine, some years gone by, depress your own spirits and spread gloom around you by appending to your Christmas greeting a lament upon the ills from which the world is suffering. Be of good cheer. The Christmas message brings tidings of great joy. You will be happier men and women, better able to meet the challenges of all the days to come, if you find and share the spirit of Christmas.

As our work for 1943 draws to a close, I want to extend to each one of you a warm personal greeting. May every moment of your Christmas be happy, and may the New Year dawn brightly to usher in a period in which you may see the realization of some of your dreams. "God bless us, every one."

F. Cyril James

December, 1943

An Invitation

On the evening before Christmas between eight o'clock and midnight, the Principal and Mrs. James will be glad to welcome at their home, 1200 Pine Avenue West, those undergraduate students from foreign countries or distant parts of Canada who are not able to spend the holidays with their family or at the homes of friends.

It would be appreciated if those who expect to come would leave their names with the Principal's Secretary during the early part of next week.

Christmas
And the Rabbi

by Victor C. Goldbloom



ERALD HARVEY was a weary man as he pushed up the long slope that took him home. It was a good home in its own unpretentious way, and the sullen resistance of the hill and its straddling wind seemed always to turn his thoughts to that warmly satisfying fact. And on this particular evening his weariness was tempered by the growing awareness of Christmas Eve and its one thousand, nine hundred and forty-three years of significance.

The clock struck six as he turned his key in the unwilling lock, and with its last stroke Peter was upon him, catching him across the knees with a hurtling leap and bringing him sprawling down with his face on the wet bristles of the mat. Peter, heavier and more worldly than his twelve years deserved, was the family's only child, and as such was subjected to a good deal of harmless spoiling in the name of comradeship between father and son. Slipping from the parental grasp, he squatted Buddha-like at the foot of the stairs while his father regained his feet and removed overshoes, gloves, scarf, coat, and wedge-shaped fur hat. Then, arm in arm, the two marched off on a tour of inspection of the Christmas tree and adjacent areas.

"Dad," said Peter, "I want you to explain something for me."

"What makes you think I can?" said Gerald, tamping down his favourite pipe.

"Dad—what is Christmas, really?" Peter continued, ignoring the question. "I know what it's supposed to be—I know the story about the Star of Bethlehem and the Child in the manger, and I guess I've got Santa Claus pretty well straightened out—but I'd like to know a little more about the 'peace on earth and goodwill to men' part of it. You know what I mean, eh?"

Continued on Page Five

Small Town
Christmas

Christmas in the small town,
It sparkles in the air;
The city streets are gray and cold,
With spots of pavement bare.

The little streets are white and clean
And crunch under foot—
But here, the snow is beaten down
And carpeted with soot.

The eyes you see are tired eyes,
And any smile you find
Is the worried smile of a busy man
With business on his mind.

Christmas in the small town,
It meets you everywhere;
You see it shine on every face,
You feel it in the air;

And when, at night, the windows laugh
With every dancing pane,
It's not just night in any town,
It's being home again.

A. E. R.

Christmas and
Officer
Muldoon

by Anne Hughes

The day before Christmas in New York that year was a particularly nasty one. It was a dull grey day with a chill stinging wind, and an occasional flurry of snow to make walking difficult and slipping easy for the harried New Yorkers as they huddled in their coats, stamping and puffing against the raw wind, waiting interminably for buses.

As Officer Tom Muldoon walked his beat he pulled his coat up tightly around his ears to protect himself from the sudden gust of the chill wind that swept across the open area in front of the Library. One of the lions had developed a beard of ice, while the other appeared to be standing miserably on one frozen paw. Across the street in front of a large bank of offices stood a stout Santa Claus suit in which shivered a forlorn looking Santa Claus dejectedly clanging his bell and shifting from one foot to another, occasionally pausing to brush his beard out of his mouth to mutter some hopeless little plea for the Salvation Army.

Muldoon looked pityingly at the poor derelict, and as he threw a dime into the kettle, saw the man give a little leap, screech in pain and pick a bebe shot from amid his copious flannels.

"Now listen here, copper, you've got to do something about that brat," Santa complained bitterly. "I've stood about all I'm going to stand. Every time that kid pops up and starts alving that sling shot..."

"It's a bebe gun," Muldoon was a stickler for the right word in the right place.

"Well," returned Santa grudgingly, "with whatever it is, he always picks on me, and I've never done anything to him. But it's a rotten shame that the entire police department of New York City can't keep that young thug locked up for more than a month. New York's Finest—baaaah!"

Muldoon walked away silently pitying himself. Petty-boy Williams was on the loose again.

Glancing up he was just in time to catch sight of an apple disappearing into a window.

Continued on Page Two

Poem

Translated by Irving Massey from the Yiddish of Ida Maze.

When the daybreak comes with rain
And weeps with a thin spray over the rooftops,

I awake with a song on lips
And sing a song of

How the rain weeps with thin spray
Over the rooftops,

How somewhere far away on misty oceans
Ships are swimming here and there
With sleepy swans' motions,

How through the grey space of the air
Two white wings of a pigeon plane

And how the delicate water-strands
Draw trustingly across my pane.

Merry Christmas,
Diary

by Bruce A. Raymond

December 24th, 1935.

EAR DIARY: I am waiting to-night for my tenth Christmas. To-morrow I will wake up and all around the bottom of the tree will be big boxes and lots of presents and candies and, especially for me, long pants! After, we'll go to Church and sing carols. Then at dinner, I'll stuff myself with plum pudding and mince tarts till I'm fatter than our turkey. And after supper we'll sit around the fire and listen to Granny read us the story of Scrooge.

I know that there's no Santa Claus, but anyway, he'd never get down our chimney, 'cause I couldn't get down it myself and Santa's much bigger than I am—if there is a Santa! And I guess there is, though Daddy says there isn't, and—I'm getting so very tired now.

Merry Christmas, Diary.

December 24th, 1937.

Dear Diary: The gang calls me a sissy for keeping a diary at my age, but wait till I'm sixty and can read about all the things I did when I was a kid; boy, will they be jealous. Am I glad I'm not a kid now. I'm twelve! Granny says twelve is a very important age, and she's never wrong.

To-morrow I'll be celebrating (that's a new word) my first grown-up Christmas. Dad even promised me a glass of wine. I hope I won't get drunk like Uncle Ted. But, anyway, I can't because I haven't a bad heart like he has, and I don't need wine for a medicine. Gee, I'm glad I'm not a kid any more.

I spent two dollars on presents—fifty cents for four people. There was some tax, too, but mother paid that. I hope Mom likes the scarf I bought her. Granny wrapped it and said it was swell, and Mom wrapped Granny's present and said it was swell. Holy smoke, people are good-natured at Christmas. Gee, I'm glad I'm not a kid any more.

Merry Christmas, Diary.

December 24th, 1939.

Dear Diary, I saw my first war-plane to-day. Dad said it was a fighter. Boy, was it a beaut—shiny and clean and smooth, just like a bullet. Looking at it sort of made me feel queer inside. Here the priest tells us about God and peace and everything, and up there men in an airplane learn to kill each other. I wonder if the pilot in that plane was thinking about Christmas. I wonder if he has a family and children to buy presents for. I wonder which he likes most—war or Christmas. I wonder.

I bought Mom a book she wanted—"Wuthering Heights." Gosh, how anybody can read that stuff I don't know. The only part I liked was the last chapter. I got Dad a pipe, sis a doll or something, Granny a big yellow shawl thing, and—I shouldn't write this down, but I bought Dorothy you-know-who some handkerchiefs.

She said I could go over and see her tomorrow. I wonder if it's polite to kiss a girl on Christmas. Dad kisses Mom on—

Continued on Page Six

The Innkeeper's
Story

by May Ebbitt

YES, I've heard of this Jesus of Nazareth that's preaching now up near Galilee. Heard of him! Why, from the so-called day of his birth, I've never been allowed to forget him. And what a day that was! It's one which every innkeeper in the city of David will hold sacred. Oh, it was glorious. We had never seen anything like it. Not for a hundred pieces of silver could you get a room here. And all due to Caesar Augustus...

... give the devil his due. It's a pity times have changed. Now all we get is the odd camel caravan stopping over for the night on its way to Jerusalem. And those traders know how to guard their gold.

But you wanted to hear of the night on which Jesus of Nazareth is said to have been born. Well, the inn was filled early in the day. I remember one particular old Pharisee, who arrived shortly after midday. Hershah, my son, was only ten years of age then, and he used to watch outside, and run in with the news of anyone that came into the innyard. He was quite a help to me in those days, but even then you could see that his main interest was not the inn. Well, when this old Pharisee and his train appeared, in came Hershah running...

"Father Jude, Father Jude," he cried, excited as a wild dog, "wait till you see it. It's magnificent. Eight camels! And the robes! Oh, father, and I think he's going to stay at our inn. Come out and welcome him. Quick, father, I'm sure he's a great man."

"Hershah," I said angrily, "how many times have I told you that the surest way to lose money is to let people know you want it very badly. You just wait right here with me, until the man sends his servant in. Some innkeeper you'll make. Oh, the unhappy fortunes we must bear. To have only one son and him a fool!"

Well, the old fellow insisted upon five rooms, and he got them. Two rooms for himself and one for each of the servants. But how he paid! A fat old man, sour as ill-made wine he was; ah, but rich as a prince from Solomon's court. The dinner he demanded was such that it might have fed a passover feast to the whole town. We were in the midst of it, opening the jars of wine and baking the special bread, when Hershah appeared beside me again. But it wasn't with the same kind of news, this time. There was a man and woman outside wanting lodging for the night. No, they weren't rich he said, but it was the woman's face. I was very annoyed with Hershah. As if we ran an inn on the beauty of women's faces.

"Tell them there's no room," I said, and shouted after him, "tell everybody there is no room in the inn." Ah, but it has a good sound, I thought. It's mighty seldom under the Romans that a true believer can say such words. I chuckled and opened another case of wine.

But if anything ever proved to me that Hershah would make no innkeeper, it was what happened that night. I was sitting in the kitchen, watching the last sparks of the fire and thinking that this had verily been a day to remember, when I caught the boy sneaking out of the house. He should—

Continued on Page Six

McGill Daily

THE OLDEST COLLEGE DAILY IN CANADA

Member, Canadian University Press

Published every week-day
during the college year at
690 SHERBOOKE ST. W.
Telephone LAncaster 2244.

Opinions expressed below are those of the
Managing Board of the McGill Daily
and not the official opinions of
the Students' Society.

JAMES G. MACLEOD, Editor-in-Chief
JOAN CASSIDY, Managing Editor
ARNOLD TEPNER, News Editor
ALLAN D. BLOOMBERG, Sports Editor
MAY EBBITT, Feature Editor
G. H. FLETCHER, Advertising Manager

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

Women's News Editor, Joan Allison
C.U.P. Editor, Tim Wilson
Music, Drama Editor, Victor Goldblum
Women's Sports Editor, Dorothy Koch
Exchange Editor, Margaret White
Staff Photographer, Peter Hall

Sports

Ben Albert, Morris Deckelbaum
Janie Dixon, Arthur Gervais
Dorothy Hopkin, Norman Halford
Gus Richter, Allan Knight
Charles Wassermann, Arnold Schrier
Tom Buck, Simon Garber

IN CHARGE OF THIS ISSUE

News, Sports
Charles Wassermann, Arnold Chalkin

REPORTERS

Robert Boris, Joanne Cecil, Fred Cleman,
Bob Harwood, Herbert Shayne, Conrad
Shatner, Doug Smith, Marion Schwartz.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 16, 1943

The Spirit of Christmas

Christmas is with us once more—Christmas with its cheerful holiday mood, its Christmas trees, its red and green and silver decorations, its parties, the exchange of greetings and of gifts, the eating of turkey dinners, the singing of carols, and the special services in the churches.

Certainly this Christmas will be a little different from any we have ever known. Each year of war brings a deeper note of solemnity, only accentuated by the many feelings uncovered at Christmas time. Loved ones far from home are missed more at this season than at any other, and this year even more of the ones we know are far away. Those of us who remain behind do well to remember them and breathe a grateful prayer on their behalf.

Other differences this year are reflected perhaps most in the difficulties experienced in Christmas shopping. Even in the increasing seriousness of mid-term examinations reminds us in ominous tones that this is war. And yet our very souls would cry out at the contention that perhaps the celebration could be overlooked at a time like this. We would protest if only for the sake of children, but surely Christmas is not merely a time of pleasure for the little ones. Young and old alike can share in its gladness.

What then should be our attitude to Christmas this year? Our circumstances may have changed, our thoughts may be sobered by the import of war, but the message of Christmas is still the same. "Unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour which is Christ the Lord!" And His name shall be called . . . the Prince of Peace! This is the message of Christmas, a message from God fulfilled in the life, death, and resurrection of our Lord.

"Peace on earth, goodwill toward men" seems a far-cry from the scenes of a war-torn world, and yet we cannot help realizing that the coming of Christ did bring peace to the earth—a peace that dwells in the hearts of men. The testimony of Christians all through the centuries speaks of this in-born peace which is the consequence of a liberation from sin. Soldiers on battlefields have found peace when they committed their lives into the hands of the Prince of Peace."

We too, in the complexities and confusion of our lives, can find peace by placing our trust in the Saviour of the world. And the very peace which comes from Him through His love engenders "good will toward men." Then we can catch a glimpse of the true Spirit of Christmas. The Spirit of Christmas is of necessity the Spirit of Christ, the Spirit which teaches brotherly love, which demands unselfishness in human lives—a conception so conspicuous in our ideas about Christmas and so often lacking in the manner in which we celebrate the occasion. It is the Spirit which, working in our forefathers, developed the customs and ideals associated with Christmas which we feel so dear to us today. In clinging to the traditions of Christmas let us be careful not to lose the Spirit. Christmas without the Spirit of Christmas is a hollow mockery. It is Christianity without Christ.

Music Notes

Les Concerts Symphoniques de Montreal presented the fourth concert of their season on Tuesday night at Plateau Hall. Vladimir Golschmann was the guest conductor.

The program opened with Sir Thomas Beecham's arrangement of Handel's Faithful Shepherd Suite. A work of great beauty, the conductor and orchestra did it full justice, excelling especially in the soft melodious Adagio.

Handel was followed by Brahms' fourth symphony in E minor. The well known melody of the first movement, marked Allegro non troppo, played clearly and vividly showed Mr. Golschmann's great understanding for the romantic style of music. The crowning achievement of the work, however was the last movement, the passionate Allegro, to which Mr. Golschmann gave a very original interpretation, bringing out the emotional contrast between the slow beginning and the stirring climax.

Then followed the Polka and Fugue from Weinberger's "Schwanda der Dodelsack Pfeifer." Though the Polka was played a little too evenly, the Fugue, with its short subject, which is first developed by the second violins, then picked up by the Violas, then by the cellos and the first violins, and finally by the wind instruments, was played with great vigour; indeed it reminded the listener somewhat of a country dance, built rather on the harmonic plan as the preceding Polka, but continued in fugue form.

"Deux Gymnopédies" by Erik Satie, orchestrated by Debussy, followed. These two works seem to be almost orchestral exercises, which the composer himself described as being in the shape of a pear. This is certainly correct, for each starts with a phrase, which the surrealist might well describe as representing a cone, which gradually widens, and stop rather abruptly on a flat bottom.

The program concluded with the ever popular Bolero by Ravel. Again the audience was fascinated by the rhythm of this Spanish dance, and sat, uncertain, whether they should watch the two hard-working drummers, or Mr. Golschmann, and the equally hard-working orchestra. Again, as ever before, the sudden, almost frenzied climax produced a storm of hysterical applause, which forced Mr. Golschmann to play the greater part of the work again.

The Meeting

We shall meet again
In the evening of our lives,
Where a sea and sky serene
Blend with the land in perfect harmony;
Then the sun shall fill
All with a gentler warmth
And lay down its velvet sheen
Upon the waters still,
As the now tearing wind
Turns to soft caresses.
That splendid twilight shall then know
Tender memories and soft-spoken words,
Whilst the years stand, a silent throng,
Bearing mute testimony
To ways we can no longer go,
To which we now no more belong.
There shall be no regret, no sorrow,
For what shall have been;
We cannot then be changing,
And what remained to come
Will soon be at an end for us.
Long shall our weary hands rest
In the long-desired greeting,
With its well-remembered jest;
Yet soon, too soon, will come
The time when we must onward go:
There silent and alone softly tread
To the horizon at last stood still,
And give the way to those who come behind,
For we shall have known the supreme moment,
And, turning, join the resting dead,
Within their midst, eternal rest to find.

—R. Douglas Archibald.

Carol Service

On Sunday, December the 19th, the Students' Executive Council is sponsoring a carol service in Divinity Chapel. This Service is open to all interested, and we hope that the student body will be well represented.

We are constantly reminded of the fact that, in the future, it is to the university students of today that the world will look for its leaders. These leaders will not only be expected to have superior academic knowledge, they must also be able to help the world spiritually. In our lectures and discussion groups we have ample opportunity for sharing our interests along intellectual or scientific lines. Rarely, however, have we the chance to meet together as Christians and share our spiritual lives with fellow-students. Many of us are affiliated with various churches, but as a student body we do little to improve ourselves spiritually, and thus prepare ourselves more fully for our work in the future. Surely this Carol Service presents an opportunity for all Christians on the Campus to meet, forgetting any minor differences of doctrine which may exist between them, and celebrate together the birth of Christ—an event which has changed so radically the lives of all of us.

The modern student has often been accused of extreme materialism and a lack of interest in anything which does not depend solely on cold, hard logic. We as a group of students have an immediate way of showing that this is not true. It is to be hoped that many of the students will take up this challenge, and show their approval of the service by giving it every support possible in attending and bringing their friends.

Universe

Endless blackness, endless night;
Great spheres of fire, blinding light.
Empty vastness; tides of flame;
Dark planets wheeling
Harsh barren bitter,
Thus is the Universe.

Perponderous mass; inconceivable strain
Rogue star passing; heaped mountains of flame.
Hot atoms cooling condensing conforming
Matter to energy diffusing through space;
Suns slowly dying
Thus is the Universe.

Life for a minute, living things growing,
Sky blue above and smooth green flowing.
Cities unrearing, civilization, decadence.
Life for a minute, primaries waning,
Cold planets dying,
Thus is the Universe.

Endless blackness, endless night;
Great spheres of fire, blinding light.
Unlimited vastness, extending engulfing
Dark planets wheeling.
Harsh barren bitter,
Thus is the Universe.

—F. H., Jr.

The Lost Oasis

by

Joy R. Powles

Yes, I was his best friend. No other
Meant as much to me, more than a brother.
We'd been together since our first days
In the force; again and again on patrol together.
He knew the history of this land by heart.
Some others thought it just a craze,
But a little path, a chip of stone, a bit of feather
Would fire him. It was all a part
Of the ageless history lying behind us here.
One day he told me of that strange lost oasis
And how the Persian army had been lost.
He never told the others. They thought him
rather queer.
But he was always looking for the oasis,
Searching for it every time we crossed
The desert on our grim patrol.

Nothing has mattered much since he went west
Though I've been downed, wounded, and back
to rest.

It's all been senseless since that day.
He said it was a test flight then.
But I knew when I saw him fly that way,
Right into the south with his plane agleam in
the setting sun.

I knew he would go. My heart ached when
I saw the look in his eyes, as if all joy in life
were done.

As he told me once more about it; the lake, the
roses and the girl,
Grey eyes, curls and lapislazuril—I don't know
how to tell

This story, more like a dream made in the
whirl

Of sands, and thirst, and desert torture,
The delusion of a man who'd been through hell.
And yet, five days without water, that's not
right.

I can't explain it. More than torture,
It would be death. I can only tell the tale.
He lost his way. Some wind put off his flight.
His petrol, running low, might fail.

There was only shifting sands and steely shimmering
sky.

Then, all at once in a dip between the dunes
He saw the oasis with trees and a little lake
smiling to the skies

There were little white houses, and roses
everywhere

Which filled the air with the sweetness of
their blooms

And made it all as magic as a dream.
He looked and saw a girl smiling at him there,
A girl with eyes like desert dawn and lapis-
lazuril in her golden hair.

Fantastic! It must have been a dream.
And yet—She could not understand him, only
said her name.

"Karia", she said. They seemed to understand.
Then an old man, like Isaac or like Moses came
out of one of the houses and asked him in.
That night he strolled with Karia through the
moonlit land.

He said (I don't know how) he had to leave
But promised to come back. She must have
understood.

The patrol picked him up, delirious, in the
desert.

He told me the story later. I had to believe.
I had to, though it seemed like a dream. But
for these facts I would

Think it was only the delirious fever of the
desert.

But that doesn't matter now. Dream or not
It changed him from that day.

There was always a lonely hunger in his eyes.
He went about his work caught by the vision.
So when I saw him fly that way,
South, south, south as they say the oasis lies,
I knew he had gone. I flew as far as I dared
to go.

Though without much hope, and I couldn't find
a trace.

Perhaps there's a wreck where the sands
Blow over and hide. Perhaps he reached the
place.

O yes, I would have said so too, a fevered
vision. But for these things:
He was five days without water. A man can't
do that and live.

And when later I was tidying up his things
I found this, but kept it and didn't give
it in with the rest. They wouldn't understand,
you see.

Under his pillow, a golden curl and a piece of
lapislazuril.

Christmas and Officer Muldoon

Continued from Page One

pearing from one of the apple-annie
stands, and a sudden flurry of rags
streaking for cover. Just then a
burst of wounded Italian broke out.
As he tried to soothe the injured
woman he heard a passerby say in
high indignation, "I don't know
what this world is coming to. When
policemen start stealing from a
poor woman selling apples, then I
say, Mable, it's time for the Re-
volution."

Leaning over the railing of the
subway dugout, Peety struggled
hard for his breath. He had been
doing a lot this afternoon. For his
young thirteen years, Peety-boy had
piled up an impressive amount of
concentrated perverseness. Leading
his own gang in Hell's Kitchen at
the age of nine, he realized what a
hard, cruel world it was when, the
following year he found himself in a
boys reformatory. He financed his
career there and bought life's
little comforts by means of his pre-
cocious talent as a poker-player. He
broke out after a few short months.
was apprehended, and promptly re-
instated as Convict No. 1. Refusing
to be discouraged, he kept making
little sallies into the outside world,
making life miserable for all the
begging and semi-begging classes of
Forty-Second to Fiftieth (his par-
ticular sphere of interest), to say
nothing of Muldoon, who always
found himself pitted against the
young felon. This was Innate Wil-
liams' latest out, and apparently he
was in a particularly gay mood.

Muldoon suddenly spotted the
small convict and flew after him at
top speed. The child instantly came
to life and darted through the
crowds on Broadway, feeling the
breath of his pursuer hot upon his
neck. He wove his way in and out
amid the traffic, keeping Muldoon,
puffing and cursing, at a respecta-
ble distance behind. Muldoon tore
through the crowd knocking people
to right and left, himself slipping
and stumbling on the icy pavement.
Eventually on the corner of Fiftieth
he realized that he had been out-
witted again. People shuffled
about him muttering, "For shame.
Look at the size of him and look at
the size of the little boy."

At that moment Muldoon realized
that he was looking at the size of
the little boy with his back turned
as he attempted to pick up a stick
of gum from a drug store display
case. Muldoon slipped in behind
him, and before Peety-boy could
look up, he felt an iron hand clamp
down on his collar. Trapped! Peety-
boy reacted. Instantly he began to
kick, bite and scratch, squirming
and wriggling like a young eel.
Muldoon, never a good conversa-
tionalist found his vocabulary lim-
ited to "Ouchs," and yelps, plus only
one or two stronger things, for he
was a God-fearing man. Muldoon,
however, though stirred to the
depths, held on fast, and led the
young felon to the nearest police
car, which roared through the city
punctuated with the howlings of
the cornered wolflet.

Night court was stuffy and
crowded that night, reeking with
the smell of liquor from too many
Christmas revellers. The judge was
in a particularly benign and mellow
mood. With each thirty day sen-
tence he threw in a touching homily
on the evils of crime on Christmas.

The judge did quite a lot of think-
ing about social disorders.
As the judge was stuffing his
papers into his brief case on his
way home, he heard the sound of
a wildly sobbing child, and there
was a small ragged figure of woe
sobbing his eyes out, wildly pro-
testing against his unreasonable
arrest and collecting himself occa-
sionally to give poor Muldoon a
vicious kick in the shins. Instantly
the judge's humane heart was com-
pletely melted.

"Stop picking on this fine little
lad, Muldoon," the judge said se-
verely. "Come here my poor little
fellow." The boy choked in his
last sob, and trotted obediently to
the judge's bench.

"Please, sir," whimpered the
crushed Peety-boy. "I don't want
to go to jail. Why it's Christmas
eve." This brought forth a fresh
outburst of sobbing, amongst which
the judge could understand a few
isolated words like turkey, and
Mpm and Santa Claus. The judge
enfolded the still crying boy in his
arms and snarled to Muldoon. "See
here, Muldoon. What do you mean
by wasting your time picking up
this harmless lad. You should be
ashamed. What do you think we are
paying you for anyway? To pick up
a mischievous child? Come, come,
Muldoon!" There, there, my little
fellow," he continued petting Peety,
who quickly realized which way the
land lay, and began tapering off his
sobbing with violent sniffs. "Mul-
doon, take this poor little lad home
to his mother, who must be wor-
ried sick, buy him a huge Christ-
mas dinner, some presents, and
don't forget to get a Christmas
tree."

"But your Honor what about his
prison record? He . . ."
The judge waved Muldoon to
silence. "Yes, yes, I know. He's a

second Dillinger. A likely story.
"Now get out of here before I de-
moth you." You'll be a good little
boy after this, won't you Peter. . .
Mama's little soldier?"

"Oh yes, sir," answered Peety pol-
itely. "I'll be a good boy!"

It was Christmas day—a fine day
with white clouds piled up against
a steel blue sky. As the gusty wind
whipped around him, Muldoon
drew a deep sigh of relief. What a
lovely day it was! He had never
seen the sky so blue. The snow on
Broadway was unusually slushy
and dirty, but Muldoon was not
borrowing trouble. He had not a
care in the world.

Suddenly he felt a sharp pain in
the back and some sticky snow
slipping down his neck. Whirling
around he saw a tattered black
jacket disappear around the corner
of 42nd.

CO-EDS PRAYER: Dear Lord, I
can't ask for anything for myself—
just give Mother a son-in-law.

Player's
Please

MEDIUM OR MILD



PLAYER'S NAVY CUT CIGARETTES



From McGill to Morgan's

For all late-shoppers

The number of days to Christmas is decreasing rapidly like "the snow from
the desert's face"; and if you haven't started to think about what you'll

give Mary and John and Father and Mother you'll be

grateful to know that Morgan's have been thinking about

it for a long time and are prepared to wish

you all a Merry Christmas with

a very happy selection of gifts.



PIGTIX GLOVES

The casual superlatively smart pigtex gloves
... a perfect gift for your favourite female.
Plain slip-on style with bound top and side
vent. In the ever popular natural sear
with black - - - - - 2.65

Morgan's—Main Floor.

A CYMA WRIST WATCH

Another gift for a particular friend. This
smart 15-jewel Swiss movement watch fin-
ished in a yellow case with a stainless
steel back and leather strap. The famous
"Cyma" style - - - - - 22.50 up

Morgan's—Arcade, Main Floor.

FOR THE YOUNG 'UNS

A game that will keep Junior and little
Mary happy during the Christmas holidays
... in fact, it's really two games in one.
Skill and Bowl . . . It's called . . . one of the
games being like Croquette, the other like
5 pin bowling. A sturdy interesting game,
and an inexpensive gift - - - - - 59c

Morgan's—Fourth Floor.

ELIZABETH ARDEN SETS

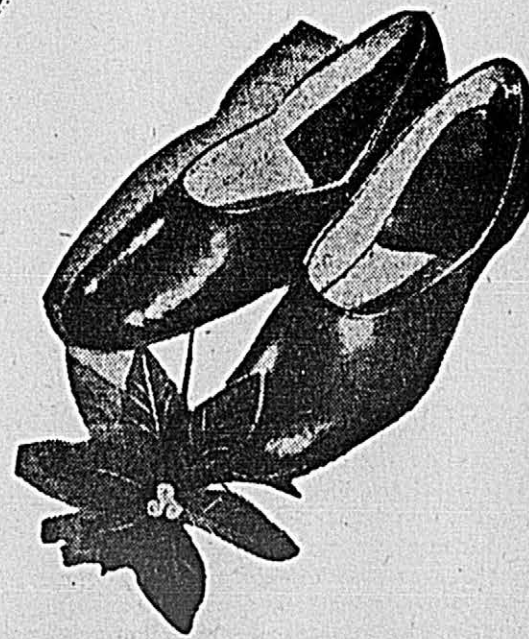
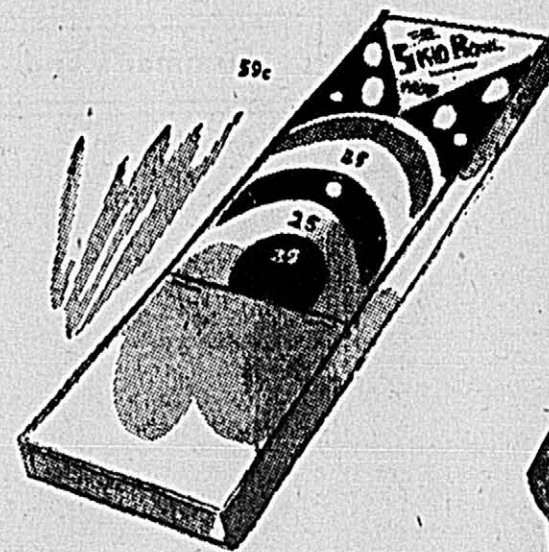
A woman who loves beautiful scents and
softening lotion will go completely over-
board for these Elizabeth Arden beauty sets.
A gift for mother, sister and the "gal what
you go with!"
Hand-o-tonik and June Geranium Soap. 2.00
Blue Grass Flower Mist and Blue Grass
Dusting Powder - - - - - 3.50

Morgan's—Main Floor.

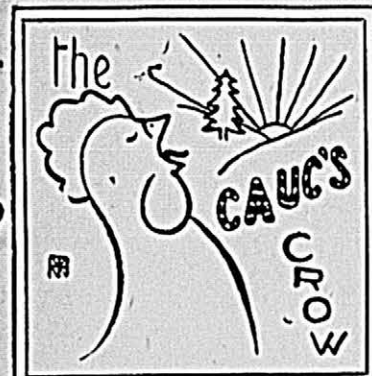
OPERA SLIPPERS

A gift for a father who loves to settle down
of an evening with his pipe and paper.
Comfortable slippers with balloon sole and
heel. With special fleece inner lining.
Brown and wine. All in calf leather. Sizes
6 to 12 in the lot - - - - - 1.95

Morgan's—Main Floor.



HENRY MORGAN & CO., Limited



On one of these beautiful mornings lately one coed from Jamaica said she would give a lot for some Jamaica sunshine. So would I, but the cussed Q.L.C. is always fresh out.

All these rumors about Mr. Bunting killing that furry beast with his bare hands and pulling the peeling off him single-handed to make his coat, are false. The truth of the matter is he shot the critter with his trusty transit.

CAUCS—as for battledrill—tell off!

I am the section commander. I carry a pencil, a T-square, a notebook, a slide rule, an ice pick, a bottle opener, a soda siphon, and various other articles the use of which I have not ascertained—Sir!

And on Saturday comes another one of those famous Douglas Hall dances. Bigger and better than ever with Santa Claus n'everything.

A handsome reward is offered by the CAUCS for any information as to the whereabouts of the lady who prophesies the end of the world. Obviously she knows plenty about our coming Math. examination.

Etiquette

(Soldierly advice by an old soldier) As a good many of the boys will be going home in uniform for the first time a few words of advice might be in order.

About walking on the street with a lady. If she is the girl-friend you will probably strain every muscle trying to get both arms around her as you walk. This counts as double time and looks very graceful as you scuttle crabwise down the street.

If she is your sister—keep hold on one arm and keep pulling her away from the store windows with muttered curses at women in general.

If she be a stranger—walk three paces behind and slightly to the left, whistling softly.

Those of you who are still reading certainly deserve the best of everything. I wish you all a Merry Christmas and the best of luck in the New Year.

PART THREE ORDERS

It is said to have appeared in Part III orders that in the near future the central heating plant for Douglas Hall is going to close down. The rooms will be heated by the fireplace. All personnel are to be prepared to fall out for fuel parade with kit bags in the alert position.

U.A.T.C. Special Notice

There will be a class test in Theory of Flight on Thursday at 7:00 hours in the first year draughting room, Engineering Bldg. J. M. Pierce, Instructor.

Lost

Will the fellow who took my greatcoat by mistake from the Armoury cloakroom on Tuesday please contact John Warren at CL 8474, or see me in English 2 class on Thursday in seat Y-6, and get his own coat in exchange. I'd like to get my own gloves back. Thanks.

Optimist!



Around the Globe

Moscow: The Red Army has linked their Cherkasy and Kremenchug bridgeheads on the west bank of the middle Dnieper, completely clearing the Germans from a 65-mile stretch of vital territory.

Quebec: The Provincial Legislature will meet shortly and will be called upon to enact such amendment to the labor law as may be necessary to prevent the recurrence of such things as the recent strikes in Montreal, according to an announcement from Premier Godbout.

Algiers: Indian and Canadian troops of Gen. Sir Bernard L. Montgomery's Eighth Army have carved out a firm five mile wide bridgehead north of the Moro river on the Italian Adriatic Coast.

Christmas Party Held Saturday



Student Executive Holds Service At Divinity Hall

George Brewer Is Organist For Carol Sing

The annual Christian carol service to be held in Divinity Hall Chapel, University street, on Sunday, December 19, at 7:30 p.m., is this year being sponsored by the Students' Executive Council. "This," stated a member of the committee, "was planned in order to give the service a wider appeal to the student body at large, being a general student affair rather than a function of one or two campus clubs."

This year, too, there will be no special choir selections, and the congregation will be able to take part in all the singing. The organ will be played by George M. Brewer, organist of the Church of the Messiah. The program will consist of the singing of favourite Christmas hymns and carols, interspersed with appropriate Scripture readings of the Christmas story. There will be no speaker.

Georgians Form New Cosmo Club

S.U.S. Inspired To Take Action By McGill Club

The first organizational meeting of the newly formed Sir George Williams Cosmopolitan Club is taking place this evening in the Central Y.M.C.A. This club is being formed by a number of students of that college who previously took part in the activities of the McGill club, and was first suggested to the S.U.S., the undergraduate body of that university, in a letter from the McGill Cosmopolitan Club. The fullest possible co-operation in the future is planned between the two clubs.

During the past summer, several meetings took place between Don Berringer, the secretary of the S.U.S., and the executive of the Cosmopolitan Club, and it was then that the formation of the new club was first suggested. The S.U.S. ratified an invitation from the McGill club to allow member of that college to participate in Cosmopolitan Club activities for the present session with a view to the ultimate formation of this new club.

After a strong publicity campaign in the Georgian, the new club has finally taken shape, with the strong and active support of Don Berringer, and also of George Bishop and Annaliza Paju, the day division and night division editors of the Georgian. A number of other prominent S.G.W.C. students are also showing an active interest in Canada's newest Cosmopolitan Club.

Goldberg to Address Christmas Hymn-sing

The Inter-Varsity Christian Fellowship will hold a Christmas hymn-sing on Sunday evening at nine o'clock in Student House, 3445 Peel street. This hymn-sing will follow the Carol Service which is taking place in Divinity Hall.

The guest speaker at the hymn-sing will be Carl Goldberg, Montreal Secretary of the American Mission to the Jews. Mr. Goldberg has been in this work since his escape from the Nazi occupation of his native Austria.

Santa Claus Visits Daily Friday Night

Staff Frolics In Celebration Of Christmas by D.E.W.

The chimney of the Union is square. Santa Claus will enter Friday night and present all worthy members of The Daily staff with Christmas presents. Already the "Spirit of Christmas Present" has entered The Daily office, and no doubt St. Nick is pleased, for he has sent a special communique to the Daily informing them of his intention to come to the party for the staff of this newspaper on Friday with presents for all who attend.

All members who attend the party are requested to bring with them a present costing not more than 25c. This is the only price of admission. Once again M.E. and I have come through. Not only have we obtained decorations that outdo all previous decorations anywhere, but we have found the long-sought-for mistletoe. Since the decorations have been established somewhat firmly in the Daily office, the party will be held here also.

Entertainment will be provided at the party in the form of jukebox dancing, games, and food. There will also be a Christmas "message" from the Editor-in-Chief. This will allow everyone to wish each other a Merry Christmas, and the Christmas Season will be declared officially opened.

The Daily has established several Christmas customs and traditions. These are listed in paragraph three, subsections five, section 1, 9, 999, 864 of Daily rules and regulations. They are as follows:

The Editor-in-Chief will deliver a Christmas "Message" officially opening Christmas on the campus. A Christmas party must be held by the staff of The Daily to celebrate this occasion.

Decorations must be in abundance. Mistletoe should be provided under the restriction "nothing to excess."

With these provisions the staff may celebrate Christmas in whatsoever manner it desires. Once again Christmas is here. Once again the Christmas issue of The Daily has been "put to bed." And once again in the words of the immortal bard we extend "A Merry Christmas to all and to all a good night."

SIR ERNEST MACMILLAN ATTENDS BANQUET

Toronto, Dec. 15. — (CUP) — Sir Ernest MacMillan, composer and conductor of the Toronto Symphony was the guest of honor last night at a banquet given by the Faculty of Music of the University of Toronto in the Hart House. On behalf of the faculty members, he was given a portrait of himself, painted by Kenneth Forbes.

Ted Johnson, Noted Missionary Addresses S.C.M.

Church Secretary Tells Experiences In Manchuria

Yesterday at an S.C.M. luncheon Mr. Ted Johnson, missionary-secretary of the Presbyterian Church in Canada, gave talk on his experiences as a missionary. Mr. Johnson, who was active in mission work in Manchuria for six years prior to the war, pointed out that a lack of interest in the missions was apparent throughout the Christian Church in Canada.

He expressed the opinion that perhaps this was due to the misconceptions of missionary work which many people hold. One of the questions most frequently asked him, he said, was, "What right have we to impose our faith upon people of other lands?" He said that in the first place, to call the Christian faith our faith is wrong, for it did not originate with us or with any of the western peoples; in that sense, it is not exclusively ours.

Secondly, such a question presumes that other religions are equally true as the Christian religion. Actually, this statement is Continued on Page Five

French Play Given Tonight

Comedy Deals With Intrigue Of Two Sisters

La Societe Francaise will stage its annual production "A Quoi Revent Les Jeunes Filles" today, at 8:15 p.m. at Moyse Hall. It is produced and directed by Maud Whittaker, president, and Mlle. M. Barratte, vice-president of the Society. The principal members of the cast are Nicole Steel, Francine Walter, Mary Place, Paul Meyer, Tony Frisch, Irving Massey, Kenneth Innis and Tom Cassler.

The play is an important event in the schedule of La Societe Francaise. It is a nineteenth century farce, revolving about the intrigue of two marriagable sisters. Costumes of the period will be used and the dialogue will be completely in French.

Professor Locke Discusses Racial Differences in War

By M. S.

Last night Alain Locke, Professor of Philosophy at Howard University in Washington, addressed the Sociological Society. Speaking on "Race in the Present World Crisis," this slight, white-haired Negro gentleman fascinated his audience. He brought home to his listeners that in this world of great turbulence there is a grave problem of racial discrimination.

A great many of the minority problems are now becoming known to other minorities, he stated, and although there is no definite step towards the common cause, there is a tendency towards cooperation of the various communities. "Racial prejudice is the most undemocratic of decrepancies," Professor Locke went on to say, "no country which is a victim of discrimination and in-

Cosmo-B.W.I. Dance Features World Carols, Good-Will Ceremony

Students in National Dress to Light Candles As Symbol of Unity

The Cosmopolitan Club-British West Indian Society joint Christmas party on Saturday is to be dominated by one central theme this year, according to the Committee in charge. The central motif of the celebration will be that of international peace and good-will, true to the spirit of all that Christmas stands for in the civilized world. To symbolize this theme, the whole program for the evening will build up to a climax in a candle lighting

ceremony, in which the principals will be students from various nations in their national costumes.

This candle lighting was inspired for the occasion by the marathon run in which a relay of some of the greatest runners of the world, representing all nations, carried the flame of international good-will overland, on foot, from Mount Olympus in Greece to Berlin, on the occasion of the Olympic games meet held near that city in the summer of 1936. It is a symbol of unity of aim and spirit among the students, and indeed all the young people, of the world. And it is the expressed hope of the two clubs that it may not prove to be quite as empty of meaning as was its more famous predecessor.

Carols Will Be Sung A further previously unannounced part of the program for the evening will be the singing of some of the favourite carols of the world, both English, European and Asiatic, in their original languages by students from France, Luxembourg, China, Yugoslavia, Germany, Czechoslovakia, Russia and Austria, and the English ones by the whole party. It was learnt that in addition to the singing and lighting of candles, the more usual aspects of a party have not been forgotten. Music and dancing will be featured, with a midnight intermission during which a sit-down meal will be served.

The usual seasonal decorations, of a Christmas party will be on hand, complete with mistletoe, a Christmas tree, and a live Santa Claus, who will officiate as Master of Distribution. Gifts to be Brought The admission fee to this party, which is scheduled to begin at 8:30 p.m. will be thirty-five cents for members of the club and a dime more for non-members. In addition to this, every person attending the party is expected to bring some small Christmas present with them, the value of which must not under any circumstances be greater than fifteen cents. These presents will be piled under the tree, and at the appointed hour will be distributed among all the revellers present by Santa Claus, who will be portrayed lustily by a certain West Indian student who has several times effected this part with considerable effect in the years past.

Oslo University and other scientific colleges joined in—were themselves subjected to similar claims from the Nazi authorities. In the University's case, the medical faculty and the Pharmacological Institute were chiefly concerned. Their protests were strong and unanimous and rather successful because the Nazi authorities did not find it opportune at the time to go to further lengths as they were having difficulty with the schools and the Church as well.

Professor B. Bergersen, former principal of Norway's Institute of Dentology, has made the following statement to a press conference at the British Ministry of Information: It has always been a leading principle in the resistance of Oslo University against the Germans, that no undue interference would be tolerated regarding the academic teaching or academic activities as a whole. This principle is vital for all intellectual life.

In June, 1942, a new law (based on the Fuehrer principle) was imposed on one of the Norwegian scientific institutions, the Institute of Dentology. At the same time we were informed that new rules would be introduced for the admission of students and the appointment of teachers who conformed with Nazi political principles. Members of the Norwegian Nazi party were to be given a preference. All the teachers protested, and in their letter of protest they stressed the fact that they could not work at an institution where political qualifications were put above scientific and professional qualifications.

The Institute of Dentology of Oslo University as well as all Norwegian Colleges are state institutions but are self-governing and absolutely independent of all political parties and political influence. The new laws changed this. The Institute could not, under such circumstances fulfill its two main tasks that of work on scientific problems and objective teaching. As the teachers received no satisfactory reply to this letter, they asked to be relieved from their positions. The Principal, Professor Bergersen was dismissed. Oslo University and other scientific colleges joined in—were themselves subjected to similar claims from the Nazi authorities. In the University's case, the medical faculty and the Pharmacological Institute were chiefly concerned. Their protests were strong and unanimous and rather successful because the Nazi authorities did not find it opportune at the time to go to further lengths as they were having difficulty with the schools and the Church as well.

How sweet you are!..

In H.R.'s Christmas party dress... all set to make it a merry furlough. Great to-do in the Young Rendezvous over the slim little waist... figure-hugging bodice... and lei of pretty self blossoms...

16.95

Rayon crepe in king's blue... aquamarine... Chinese gold... robin's egg blue. 9 to 15.

HOLT RENFREW

Sherbrooke at Mountain

Players' Club Cast New Play

Club Presents 'What Say They?' In February

"What Say They?": a play in two acts, will be presented by the Players' Club as their annual production at the end of February. The former decision to present "Junior Miss," popular Broadway hit, was changed due to the inability of the club to obtain the rights for the production of this play. Castings for the new play will be held immediately after mid-term exams, and will be under the supervision of John Mellor.

James Birdie, the author of "What Say They?," has written many popular plays including "Babes in the Wood," "Storm in a Teacup," "Colonel Waterspoon," and other New York productions. The play is dedicated to George Bernard Shaw, and was first published in 1939.

Preceding the script is a disclaimer announcing that "The persons, places, and incidents in this play are pure inventions. The traditions and customs of the four Scottish Universities differ widely in each. In this fifth University they differ more widely still."

The play is a comedy in two acts, covering the space of five days. The time of action is the present, and the action takes place in a University, where the usual mix-ups and complications of university life are portrayed in the humorous style of James Birdie. Troubles with the principal, the professors, and the students are illustrated as five days from the lives of fourteen University men and women are presented. John Mellor will direct the production this year as usual, and rehearsals will start immediately following casting in January. Owing to the delay caused by the indefiniteness of the first selected play, the cast of the new play will be expected to rehearse the play in a shorter time than usual. Further announcements regarding casting will be announced in The Daily early in the New Year.

Szeryng Will Present Polish Recital at R.V.C.

Henry Szeryng, eminent Polish violinist, will present a recital for McGill students and friends this Friday at 5:15 p.m. in R.V.C. auditorium. Mr. Szeryng, under the authorization of the Polish government, is attempting to further the knowledge of Polish music in the world. In his American debut at Carnegie Hall he was received with favour, and has since received the praise of many eminent music critics.

Around the Campus

Today: Societe Francaise presents Musset's play "A quoi Revent les jeunes Filles"... Joint meeting of the Historical Clubs in the R.V.C. Common Room at 8:30 p.m.

Tomorrow: Daily Christmas Party!!!

Saturday: Yippee, last day of lectures!... Cosmo-B.W.I. Dance in the Union Ballroom.

Sunday: Carol Service sponsored by the Students' Executive Council in Divinity Hall.

Dec. 24th: Don't forget to hang your stockings up, everybody; remember that Santa Claus will be paying you a visit (if you've been good).

POWER'S PROMPT & PUNCTUAL PRINTERY LIMITED

WE HAVE BEEN DOING MCGILL FRATERNITY WORK FOR THE LAST 21 YEARS

Patronize your Advertisers

DEPENDABILITY

"Rush Jobs Our Delight"

362 NOTRE DAME W. L.A. 7188

CIVILIAN NAVAL AIR-FORCE AND MILITARY TAILORS

J.D. Bateman

Messanine Floor — Dominion Sq. Bldg. 1010 St. Catherine St. West. L.A. 1324

HIGHEST QUALITY COAL

FARQUHAR ROBERTSON LIMITED

"Montreal's Leading Coal Retailers"

614 ST. JAMES ST. W. (VICTORIA SQUARE)

MONTREAL



You, then, at least, remained as you have always been,
Celestial multitudes! Have we not often seen
You there above—silent, aloof, serene and cold
Staring at us—singing, as we have sung of old
Our old, old songs of peace? Like sheep bleating
at you
We had to cease. For worldly peace with you
had naught to do,
Had naught to do with Gods and naught with
Heavens
For our sin and song to us, and not to you be-
long.
Dare not to judge us—Gods—judge not your
Heavens
For as your judgment be will you be judged ere
long.
Do not forgive nor pity us for our folly
Only remain, we pray, as you have always been.
Give us but time to make this night and all
nights holy,
Silent, as you are there, aloof, complete, serene.

—A. J. Frisch.

The Ukraine

UKRAINIANS all over the world, revere and cherish their beautiful, religious traditions. They cling to them as to the most precious treasures, and indeed, precious treasures they are for it is these old traditions, passed on from generation to generation that make them a pious, historic, genuine and colorful people. These customs are many and varied depending on the locality and occasion, but the spirit is the same regardless of all else.

Perhaps the most beautiful traditions are those associated with Christmas for these are observed with deep religious feeling. On this great occasion of the birth of Christ, celebrated on January 7th according to the Julian calendar, the people rejoice not because an extra sumptuous feast is awaiting them, but because they can once more voice the birth of Christ, our Deliverer, in carols of cheer and gladness; because on this occasion they meet their friends and relatives with no ordinary salutation but with a devout "Christ is born," and hear in response, "Praise unto Him".

This devout sentiment is marked in their preparation for the Christmas Season. During the whole month before Christmas, they observe a period of solemn fast which ends with the Holy Night. However, the Christmas season is cheerfully heralded by the arrival of Santa Claus (a few weeks before Christmas Day) with all his glory including the angels who help in distributing the gifts to the well-behaved, and the

"good-natured" devil who rejoices in distributing to the "naughty". In the process of such a long, long journey, however, the angels and the devil become good-friends and work hand in hand so that a gift is usually accompanied by a rod too. . . . This system does away with hard feelings very neatly. The gifts and the rod, unless too big, are put under the pillow of the wishful sleeper at midnight. In the morning the children wake up wild with excitement and compare to see who has found the bigger lump under his pillow, and look contemptuously for the "goodie-goodie" who didn't get a rod. This goes on all day but the all-important event is to come in the evening when they are to go with their parents to the town hall, and see "Santa" and his attendants in person. There, after an elaborate introduction and some personal interviews, they receive the rest of their presents and perhaps another rod. . . . This, indeed, is the happiest day of the year for the youngsters, but at the same time they are sufficiently impressed by the rod-benefactor's warning to behave themselves.

The next excitement consists of carol singing. On Christmas Eve, the appearance of the first star marks the beginning of the Holy Night supper. This star is eagerly watched by the children, who at the sight of it hurry through their supper, rushing out in twos and threes to make the rounds from house to house singing carols for which they are rewarded with pennies and sweet meats. They find great delight in this pleasant task and sing late into the night.

The Holy Night supper is

strictly a family celebration and it might be said that it is the most important one of the whole Christmas season. The supper consists of twelve different courses, and is spread out on a table covered with a richly embroidered cloth. Beneath the table cloth there is a thin layer of hay and under the table, there is some straw. Both these signify the fact that Christ was born in a stable. Kubia, boiled wheat seasoned with honey and poppy seeds symbolizes Christmas. Before sitting down to the Holy Supper, all the members of the family kneel while the head of the family prays and asks for a blessing. After wishing the family health and prosperity he takes a spoonful or two of Kubia as an expression of goodwill, and the rest of the family does the same. Among other traditional dishes are Holubel, cabbage leaves stuffed with seasoned rice, Borsch, a delicious cream of beet soup, Pyrohy, a kind of dumpling filled with fruits, Pampushki, a form of doughnut without the hole filled with raisins or jam and a variety of luscious mushroom and fish dishes. Once the meal is over the rest of the evening is spent singing carols and decorating the Christmas tree. Then before retiring, the uneaten portions of the dishes are left neatly around the three loaves of Kolachi (white, braided bread) which are piled up with a bees wax candle on the top loaf. These loaves represent the Holy Trinity and the food is left for the departed ones of the family, who return during this night to share the Holy Supper.

Christmas Day begins with a magnificent, inspiring morning

Continued on Page Five

The West Indies

Though we don't have a white Christmas at home, the spirit is the same. From the second week of December on there's always a frantic rush to buy presents and decorations and make arrangements to have a Christmas tree, either an imported Canadian fir or one grown on our own hills in our forest reserves. There's also the rush of making several cakes and puddings, the fruit for which has been soaking in huge jars of wines and rum for months. During the Christmas season proper there's just one party after another for every home gives one.

On Christmas eve all the little children hang up their stockings or, if they're more ambitious, they put up a pillow slip and hope Santa will be extra-generous. Of course, since there's no chimney, he has to come in either through the window or, if possible, through the key-hole. Children in the city miss one of the principal attractions of the country towns. There, masqueraders, dressed as horses or strange animals, go dancing from house to house. They are usually men but frequently they go dressed as women. Their dance is really a survival of the ceremonial dances which the slaves used to perform in honor of an African chief called John Canoe and the masqueraders are now called John Cannus. As far as the children are concerned the great thrill is the bright costumes and the "horse-head" which is supposed to inspire terror. Then too, there's always a party to go to on Christmas eve, and we come home from it at 4 a.m. in time to wake everyone and wish them a Merry Christmas before leaving for the Communion Service at 5 a.m. When we return all the parcels which have been piled around the Christmas tree or have been hung on it, are opened eagerly and soon there's a chorus of "Oh's", "Ah's", "Ooh's", and loud demonstrations of appreciation. Then we set out to waken our friends by our horns and rattles and fifes. Everyone becomes a carefree child again and the air is alive with rockets and squibs.

All morning we visit or entertain and at every home we must eat

Ireland

Christmas Day is kept in Ireland in very much the same way as in Canada but the setting is different. Snow is a very unusual event. The days of course are short and close in by four in the afternoon but the weather is usually mild and agreeable. The last rose of summer may still be blooming in some sheltered corner and the first violet may already be out. Outdoor occupations are more easily followed and perhaps most people spend the morning in a walk or even a game of golf. A true Christmas atmosphere is given by the ever present robin redbreast and the many holly trees with their bright red berries. In the evenings before Christmas carol singing parties are much commoner than in Canada.

The festivities are similar to those here but Christmas trees are not common though the inside of the house is plentifully decorated with holly, ivy and mistletoe. We do not have cranberry sauce but the dinner is otherwise the same. Perhaps the central ceremony in Ireland takes place in the later afternoon when the whole family gathers around a bright turf or log fire. The rest of the house is usually cold, the warm fire gives a welcome glow, the lamps are not yet lit and the light of the wood flames flickers on the walls and ceilings. Somehow in later years it is these cosy evenings that we remember.

John E. Martin.

Christmas

upon the face
of the earth



This is the story of Christmas in the far places of the earth. It is the story of the spirit of Christmas, when, in the name of a baby born nearly two thousand years ago, thoughts of strife and hatred are laid aside and in their place men believe once more, if only for a day, in "peace on earth, goodwill to men." It doesn't matter whether the day of gladness is marked by a holy midnight mass in a little French - Canadian snow-covered town, or whether it is the day when the sangba sounds forth more rhythmic than ever in its jungle time somewhere in Africa, or whether it is the day of swimming on Jamaica beaches or dancing on Rio streets . . . it is still the day which the Lord hath made, and man rejoices in it and is grateful.



French-Canada



It was nearing midnight in Quebec on Dec. 24th.—Mrs. Gagnon was gathering the whole family for midnight mass. There was Claude the eldest son, who had just arrived from overseas with his wife, there was the newly wedded Francine and the other nine children. The five youngsters had been in bed all evening to rest before the big celebration, and in feverish sleep, they had dreamt of the Evening Star, of snow crystals and jewelled Christmas trees.

now the hour was come to enter this fairy land which Christmas brought every years with equal splendor. But Christmas is first a religious celebration, and amusement must come only after mass, so they all muttered a discrete "Bonjour" to each other, and said no more. Then they crowded in an old fashioned carriage (you could not go to midnight mass in a car if you were in the Gagnon family), and the horses, incited by the jingle bells, trotted briskly to St. Dominique church. The altar and vaults were laden with gold inscriptions and crimson red flowers. The priest had put on the pink chasuble which is worn only twice a year; and as the sacred mystery of mass was proceeding, the best choir of the parish sang the endless series of carols and hymns telling of the birth of Christ. At the time of consecration all the faithful stepped up to receive Holy Communion. The ceremony lasted until nearly two o'clock, because the priest is allowed to say three masses on that day. And when it was through, Pierre Gagnon, the father, brought his family to see the large crib on the side of the altar, where a wax Jesus lay in his swaddling clothes, with the blessed Virgin and the Shepherds who came from all surrounding hills; and little Paul Gagnon, little Jean and little Louise all wished they too were shepherds.

Back in their spacious house on Grande Allee, they saw the Christmas tree for the first time. It had never been so beautiful and laden with such large presents, although year after year it had been huge and covered with red, green and white parcels, because each one had a present for father, mother, brothers and sisters, and also a present to put in the basket for the poor. Oh! and now came Uncle Vic and Uncle Henri; but where was cousin George? Could it be that he had borrowed Santa's suit, could he be the Santa sitting near the

Continued on Page Six

Czechoslovakia



CHRISTMAS throughout the world is a season of rejoicing, of memories and of a strengthening of the bonds which ties man to his fellow human beings. In peacetime it is a time for the reunion of family circles and the renewal of old friendships.

Today, in a world filled with war, and with many peoples overrun by a barbaric horde of oppressors, the observance of Christ's birth is a symbol of hope and faith in the rebirth of a peaceful, kindlier age.

In the middle of the European Continent is Czechoslovakia, where in happier days, the observance of Christmas was as joyous a season as in Canada.

A prelude to the festivities is the arrival of St. Nicholas on the night of December 5. He is known in English countries as Santa Claus. He and his entourage travel about the countryside, hanging stockings filled with goodies on the windows of children's rooms.

Christmas proper is observed on Christmas Eve. The day is filled with momentous, hurried, secret preparations. The children scamper about the house, full of expectation, while mother is busy cooking in the kitchen. Relatives and friends arrive from time to time, bearing mysterious packages, which are promptly hidden away. Finally the long awaited hour arrives and the family gathers for the supper. It consists of fish soup, black carp cooked in wine with a highly flavoured sauce of many vegetables, and an apple strudel, (an apple roll of infinitely thin pastry).

After supper, the family goes to the parlor where, to everybody's amazement, a gloriously decorated fir tree has suddenly grown up. It was put up during the day by father and the elder children. Under the tree is a model of the manger, complete with the animals

Continued on Page Six

Africa



CHRISTMAS is a community affair, like everything else in Sierra Leone, and its celebration takes on the flavor of a national holiday instead of a festival of the Christian minority. Christmas comes when the six-month long dry season has just had a good start, and the services of a weather-prophet are not needed to assure the happy celebrants that no rain will interfere with their festivities. The school-children, besides, are at this time enjoying the longest vacation of the year, a seven-week break from the daily grind, and the rich rice harvest recently gathered in ensures plenty to eat for all.

Being a community affair it means dancing and feasting more than anything else. For several days before, and for several days after December 25 the incessant drumming of the "Sangba", (an eye-glass shaped drum with its own percussion units attached) announces a dance is going on in one neighborhood or other. And the women are busy all day long removing the husks of rice, down to the vitamin-coated grain, in the wooden mortars with seven-foot pestles with a rhythm as fascinating as that of the drums. The more rice cleaned, the more feasting. And nearby are the unsuspecting chickens and goats which are destined to enrich the brown gravy without which a rice-meal is not a rice meal.

Early on Christmas morning the Christian children begin their round of singing of the local carol, "Good Morning, Good Morning, I've just come to tell you that this is Christmas morning." They might end with a nice long swim at the river until the peals of the church-bell announces, "Boys! girls! come to church."

The service lasts until noon, and as at Easter, the church aisles and altar are bedecked with palms and flowers. Meanwhile the drumming of the Mohammedans and ancestor-worshipping non-Christian, and non-Mohammedans reminds the preacher not to be too long-winded.

Church over, feasting begins. There is no family dinner on anything even so faintly exclusive. There is plenty of rice and gravy and meat, or delicious "jolloff" rice (like the Chinese dish, "Fried rice"), at any house for anyone, and it is served all day, with homemade ginger-beer. This is a very convenient arrangement for outdoor dancing under the tropic sun is a real appetite builder.

Outdoors one either joins in dancing the latest "Jokongo" or "Iembli", or else watches the professional dancers from the children's dancing school, or the equally supple-limbed young ladies from the Bongo Society. Or one might be more interested in the thrills offered by the local magician who can, in plain sight of all, produce a wild leopard from nowhere and make it disappear again, and has a repertoire of acts that would put a western Houdini to shame. If one is interested in magic, one only needs to go to the next neighborhood, or the next, where either a snake-charmer is thrilling his audience with his collection of eight to ten-foot black and yellow mambas, cobras and pythons, or by an acrobat twirling around on his toes on a rope slung between two swaying bamboo poles 30-50 feet high.

And so it goes, for days before and days after, feasting and dancing and professional entertainers, free to all, making Christmas the happiest season of all in a country where each occasion is a festive one, and where Santa Clause and his reindeers, would be as out-of-place and unwelcome as a "White Christmas", and sub-zero temperatures.

John Karefa-Smart.

Brazil



ELIZ NATALI—"Happy Christmas!" Once again the age-old salutation echoes over the vast Brazilian Republic. From the lush green Amazon jungles to the fertile farmlands of the South, Christmas is in the air and yearly festivities are being held in the tiny mud huts of the peasants and the streamlined skyscrapers of Copacabana Beach. But instead of huddling indoors while outside a chill wind whirled the deep snow into smooth banks, the Brazilian is celebrating his Christmas 'neath the clear blue skies and the golden sun of a midsummer day.

Dawn finds the children eagerly delving in their stockings for toys and gifts, and every church is filled to capacity for the morning mass while devout hundreds kneel on the steps outside the doors. However, the sea beaches are also crowded, and the soft white sands are dotted with gaily coloured beach umbrellas beneath which tanned seaside dwellers lazily relax, sleeping, listening to a portable radio, or just pitching woo. The more energetic ones play football and other beach games, or bathe in the sparkling blue sea. A heaving roller shows a head of foaming white, and with a chorus of "Olha proa!"—"Look out in front!"—a long line of perhaps five score youths come flashing in on the speeding surf. One by one they lose momentum and drop out, until a mere handful are left to zig-zag through the crowd of bathers close inshore. Here some will inevitably collide with beautiful brunettes, while the remainder will in one last glorious swoop land high and dry on the beach.

In the interior, far from the beaches, people go for picnics among the shady bamboo groves high on the mountains, or spend the morning riding or walking over the rolling green countryside. Others just sleep.

When the mid-day meal is ready, everyone takes a deep breath and sits down to face a full plate and a brimming glass. Many eat the traditional turkey, while others prefer to have a complete and super-colossal "feijoada"—the national dish of Brazil. This consists of rice and delicious black beans mixed with morsels of almost every kind of meat imaginable, while the liquid refreshment there is a potent firewater known as "cachassa" which as every Disney fan will remember, nearly sent Donald Duck to the Seventh Heaven in "Saludos Amigos."

After the meal silence is the order of the day, and a brief siesta is enjoyed by all. Then, when the sun has lost its full intensity, the football stadiums, golf links and parks are filled with white clad holiday folk, while some enthusiasts will go back to the beaches for a short swim, or, if the surf riding is good, to enjoy another couple of hours of that unsurpassed sport.

In the athletic clubs and dance halls there are children's parties from about three o'clock to six o'clock, and Santa Claus—"Papae Noel"—is there with a Christmas tree and a sackful of toys. Outside the President's palace in Rio a long queue of less fortunate children are given toys, candy and Christmas foods through a scheme run by Madame Vargas, the President's wife, and other leading socialites.

Continued on Page Six



Redmen Are Ready for Holiday Ice Contests

To Oppose Navy, Army In Important Fixtures; Second Place at Stake

Practices Resume Next Week; Coach Satisfied with Condition Despite Gruelling Games Played

As all faithful perusers of these columns devoted to the sporting activities of McGill's athletic stalwarts know full well by this time, the Red and White hockey aggregation has two "croosha!" games scheduled for the Christmas holidays. In case anyone did not catch the dates the first time, the Redmen take on the boys in Navy Blues on the twenty-third and the Longue Points Ordinance soldiers on the 27th. The days are Thursday and Monday, respectively and the time in both cases is 8:00 p.m.

While it is sometimes considered rather trite to say that a hockey game will promise "thrills and spills galore", fans can rest assured that these two tilts will furnish them with some of the best action seen in the N.D.H.L. this year. The Collegians would like nothing better than to have "ole St. Nick" present them with four points in the standings as his parting shot for 1943.

McGill, Navy, and Army are all tied up for second place in the standings with three points each, while Guidoo Roy and his Airmen lead the pack with seven points to their credit. Baz O'Meara's Prince Urabi, (or is it Elmer Ferguson's or Dink Carroll's) that sportsman for par excellence and squire of the Ensign when it comes to mathematics, has just dashed in with the startling announcement that two wins for James McGill's representatives would put them right up with the Flyers, providing the latter drop both their games during the holidays. However he was finally convinced that this was rather a highly hypothetical line of reasoning and that the best McGill could be certain of was to enter the New Year firmly entrenched in second place.

As soon as the Ice Capades have taken their decorative routines to farther horizons and the Forum has taken on its usual appearance, Lorne White will have his charges out practising to make up for the long layoff since their last game against the Air Force. Despite the rough usage the team has received at the hands of the Service squads, all the boys seem to have come through pretty well with but a few bruises suffered here and there and will be all set to return to the hockey wars on the twenty-third.

Coach Walker Finds Poor Physical Conditions

In an interview last night, Charles Walker, one of the worlds foremost authorities on body-building, and recently appointed coach of the McGill Weightlifters Club, said that he was appalled at the physical condition of the average college student.

Mr. Walker stated that the purpose of a university should be to develop both the mind and the body. "This", he said, "is not being done. I find that the whole group of students may be divided into two classes. One type tends to develop the mind at the expense of the body. This individual is defeating his own purpose for a healthy mind cannot exist unless there is a healthy body to house it. This fact is robbing us of the services of some of our greatest scientists, physicians, chemists and others, for these men are cut down in the prime of life by diseases which are easily traceable to improper living."

"The other group, which are in the minority tend to develop the body at the expense of the mind. These boys would attain their ends more easily by joining an athletic club rather than coming to a University."

Mr. Walker stated that the Arts students are getting the most from their college career. They have some time for recreation and exercise. Engineering and Medical students do not. To quote Mr. Walker directly:

"The condition of the average engineering and medical student is deplorable. If the heads of the above faculties are trying to create a race of super engineers they are certainly failing, for I know, several medical students who have themselves required the services of a physician after several months of work. I believe the Faculty of Medicine is beginning to realize this for they are no longer giving the accelerated course."

Engineers Win Softball Title In Playoff Tilt

CAUC Loses 13-9; Freeman Stars For Plumbers

The most exciting match of the softball season was played yesterday afternoon, as the Engineers defeated the Army Course boys in the finals by the score of 13 to 9. This gives the championship of the Intercompany Softball League to the one-hour group of the C.O.T.C., who wound up the season with a record of four wins against one loss.

From the outset the C.A.U.C. Scientists put up a strong fight to attempt to take over the superior group of fourth year Engineers, but the latter team was far ahead in pitching, this assignment being handled by Stirling Babcock, of strike-out fame. Babcock, though he did not approach the feat accomplished Tuesday, when fourteen of the fifteen outs were strike-out victims, limited the soldiers to six hits, his deceptive balloon ball being particularly effective.

The game started out as a very tight struggle, both teams scoring one run in the first inning. While the plumbers were blanked in the second inning, the soldiers put across two runs to go ahead 3-1. This margin was increased in the succeeding stanza, as the score was advanced to 6-3 for the Army Course team. The fourth inning was the turning point as the Engineers put on a spurge of hits, featuring the only homerun of the game by Rex Freeman, to run up a total of six runs, while they limited the C.A.U.C. team to one.

Throughout this time the battery of Babcock and Freeman was outstanding, as Freeman proved to be the mainstay of the team. For the soldiers, the pitching of Gossack was very good, though his fast ball was not really fast. However, his control made up for this, while he was continually backed up by good fielding.

In the fifth and sixth innings, the plumbers pushed over another three runs against two for the C.A.U.C.'s, to make the score going into the last stanza 12-9. The C.O.T.C. squad added another counter in their half, while the soldiers went down one-two-three, to end the game. The best batting average was compiled by Freeman who hit safely four times out of five, closely followed by Deckelbaum, who hit three for four.

While this game was played as a part of an Intercompany League, it is interesting to note the fact that it actually boils down to the same type of contest that will be very predominant in future athletics at the University, namely an Intramural game. The tilt played was between the C.A.U.C. and the fourth year Engineers, and turned out to be very successful.

Ted Johnson, Noted Missionary Addresses S.C.M.

Continued from Page Three
contradictory for there can be only one conception of reality and he who accepts Christ accepts the Christian conception as superior to all others. And finally that it is impossible for a Christian missionary to impose Christianity upon anyone who is unwilling to accept it. Mr. Johnson finished his talk by answering the questions of his audience about his work in Manchuria.

MOC HOME OPEN FOR XMAS WEEK

Shawbridge Is Scene During Holiday Season

Shawbridge is now the ideal centre for cross-country skiing, for in addition to the five M.O.C. trails several new trails have been cut and marked this season in the vicinity. The tow will also be running on the Big Hill, and as this hill is not as crowded as some, skiing there is most attractive for the less expert.

Men who wish to stay one of more nights at the M.O.C. house at Shawbridge during the holidays must make reservations with Mrs. Hendrie at the Athletics Office at the Gymnasium.

The House is completely furnished and contains three bedrooms, living room, bath, and a well-equipped kitchen where members may prepare meals.

Faculty Sports Set-up To Be Discussed

The re-organization of Intramural sports has been progressing very well so far. The lists have all been posted in the various buildings and are already being filled up rapidly. As a matter of fact, the Science lists have more than forty names up with the basketball column almost filled. The Faculties of Arts and Commerce have their lists up as well and resulting names are beginning to fill the various sheets.

To discuss definite policies and treatment of the teams as well as to draw up schedules Hay Finlay has called a meeting for the various sports representatives namely Halford, Chaikin, Frank, Freeman, Stalker and the representatives from Medicine and Dentistry at his office this afternoon at five o'clock.

The brink of Niagara Falls is receding at the rate of two and a half feet a year.

Christmas and the Rabbi

Continued from Page One
Little more about it if we took a little walk before supper — if your mother'll let us go. Let's see."

Arm in arm again, they advanced on the kitchen, slipped open the swinging door, and executed a pincers movement which effectively encircled the unsuspecting lady in the mottled green apron. "Merry Christmas, peach-blossom," said Gerald, kissing her; Peter rubbed his cheek on his mother's shoulder and purred. "Mind if we take a walk for half-an-hour?" said Gerald. Shaking her head with a smile, Martha Harvey stood where her menfolk released her and watched them burst through the swinging door in a dash for the coat-closet and the winter evening; and the subconscious memories of fifteen years of wonderful marriage swept over her with a glow that revived that radiance with which she once had overwhelmed her husband at first sight.

Opening the door with an emphatic heave, Peter took the four steps in a single leap, and stood waiting in the gentle drift of the snowflakes while his father swung the door to and tested the lock before proceeding. They matched short, carefully balanced steps down the icy hill, neither speaking a word until they had crossed Orchard street and faced the level straightness of the road into town. They walked slowly, crunching the new-fallen snow beneath their feet, and finally Gerald spoke.

"So you're having a hard time figuring out how we can celebrate Christmas when there isn't any peace on earth, eh?" Peter kept affirmative silence, and he went on: "It's easy enough to say that we're fighting a war against men who don't believe in Christmas or in any other religious observance, and that we're fighting to preserve our freedom to celebrate Christmas or criticize the government or anything else that democracy means. Really, Peter, that isn't the point at all; goodwill towards men is something you can feel without being able to put your finger on it—and once you've felt it, you'll realize that people are the most important things in the world, and that honesty and goodwill are things that make this system we call democracy tick."

Turning the corner onto Main Street, they came upon a policeman standing in a shop doorway and watching the crowds sift by. "Come here a minute, son," said Gerald, leading him over to the six-foot stalwart with the friendly face and the searching eyes. "Merry Christmas, Officer," he began, and the policeman returned the greeting and passed it on to Peter standing shyly by. "Nice white Christmas," he continued, to the officer's nod; "What do you think about it?"

"Well," said the officer, slowly, "it's cold standing here on the beat in this weather, but it's never lonesome. Somehow Christmas seems to bring out everything that's pleasant in a person, and the same people who come along here tired and grumpy most evenings will have a pleasant word and maybe even a small gift on Christmas Eve. Sort of gives you back a little faith in humanity if you've lost any through the year. Did you ever stop to think that people are the most amazing things the Lord ever created, and that's the biggest reason why you have to treat them right? Too many people forget that, in all this wartime confusion—practice what you're fighting for, I always say these days. . . . Well, have to move along just now, sir—Merry Christmas. Merry Christmas, youngster, and I hope Old Santa is good to you. Goodnight!"

"Did I say something, Peter?" said Gerald, as they walked on. . . . Trudging on up Main Street, they let themselves be carried along by the slow-moving stream of home-bound townsfolk; halted momentarily by a red light at State Street, they stepped aside to listen to the chatter of the wrinkled old woman at the corner newsstand. Excavating his pocket, Gerald selected three well-worn pennies and exchanged them for an evening paper, adding a smile and a "Merry Christmas!" to the transaction.

"It's always a merry Christmas," said the woman in her trade-roughened voice, and it's got nothing to do with snow or presents or church services near—people are so much kinder, so much pleasanter. It's a generous mood that everybody gets into—and y'know, I sometimes think we'd be a lot better off if we had Christmas all the year round. I'm sure the Lord wouldn't mind—think so, mister?"

"Coming clearer, Peter?" asked his father, as they turned onto Jefferson Boulevard towards home.

"I think so, Dad," said Peter, "but I'm not sure yet. Do you think these sailors could help us, maybe?"

"Anything to help, sir," chimed in the taller of the two gentlemen referred to. "Lost in town, or something?"

"No, just out for a stroll," said Gerald; "but you fellows could help us out with your opinions on this Christmas business, if you'd like to."

Poor Sports Term Ended; Lack of Spirit Deplored

The first term is just about over and the time has come when a general survey of sports is necessary. Running over the Senior A athletics we find that only one, football, has completed the arduous trip through a complete schedule. The Senior Basketball squad has been through many changes, but still has not completed its schedule. The Red hockey team is still pursuing the championship in the National Defence Hockey League.

In the way of Intramural athletic activities we have many results to show. The first league organized this year for other than Senior players was in the form of the Intramural Football Schedule. This league featured the playing of about sixty men who thoroughly enjoyed

West Indies

Continued from Page Four

a piece of cake or plum pudding and have at least one drink . . . usually rum in varied concoctions, whiskey, wines, cider, or one of our two native drinks, ginger beer and sorrel. Both these last are home-made. The first needs no explanation, the second is made from rum and a red liquid obtained from the fleshy part of the sorrel, a plant which grows very easily. Our Christmas dinner is quite the usual thing . . . turkey, chicken, and vegetables, but we have no mince meat pies. The toast is proposed with champagne or wine and then the quantities of cake and liquor everyone tries to eat. Usually after the quantities of cake and liquor consumed during the morning, even a Christmas dinner offers little temptation. To refresh yourself in the afternoon, you can usually go swimming, but since all the clubs and benches are crowded, many prefer to go sailing. We have fine sailing weather at that time of the year and the exercise of keeping a

fourteen foot cat-boat afloat is enough to waken anyone. The day after Christmas is another public holiday . . . Boxing Day. After walking with a slight hangover from a party the night before, we take a cold shower and around 10 a.m. rush off to a day party. Thence we return in time to dress and to go to the races . . . the big event of the day. The horses are paraded and the betting gets higher and higher as Sherafelden the favorite struts proudly by. Of course, every woman there is dressed to the nth degree, usually in cool linens with colored embroidery, because the sun is very hot at that time of the day and a greater amount of time is spent on the field than on the grand stand. After an exciting time, we go home towards 7 p.m., happy with our winnings and at the same time sorry that none of us won the £4,000 prize of the Jamaica Sweepstake. Even if we've lost every farthing we took with us, we still have to celebrate, so after a late snack and some heated discussion about the races we set off for the

themselves as they verified at the Football banquet. There were three teams in the league and the championship was won by the Lions, who will be the proud receivers of McGill letters. The Intramural Softball league was completed today when the C.O.T.C. (1 hour) won the championship. Interest in softball this year has not been what it was expected to be, nevertheless the schedule was run off without too many defaults, every team turning out to at least one game. The basketball played amongst the lesser players was not nearly as successful as Mr. Van Wagner had expected but there is still hope for the second half of the year as much interest has been shown in the new organization of the sport.

themselves as they verified at the Football banquet. There were three teams in the league and the championship was won by the Lions, who will be the proud receivers of McGill letters.

The day after Christmas is another public holiday . . . Boxing Day. After walking with a slight hangover from a party the night before, we take a cold shower and around 10 a.m. rush off to a day party. Thence we return in time to dress and to go to the races . . . the big event of the day. The horses are paraded and the betting gets higher and higher as Sherafelden the favorite struts proudly by. Of course, every woman there is dressed to the nth degree, usually in cool linens with colored embroidery, because the sun is very hot at that time of the day and a greater amount of time is spent on the field than on the grand stand. After an exciting time, we go home towards 7 p.m., happy with our winnings and at the same time sorry that none of us won the £4,000 prize of the Jamaica Sweepstake. Even if we've lost every farthing we took with us, we still have to celebrate, so after a late snack and some heated discussion about the races we set off for the

HOCKEY at the FORUM

National Defence Hockey League
Thursday, Dec. 23 at 8 p.m.

1st Game:
Navy vs. McGill

2nd Game:
Army vs. R.C.A.F.

Tickets
Student tickets on presentation of McGill Athletics card, for 15c, at Gym office daily, 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.

Monday, Dec. 27, at 8 p.m.

1st Game:
McGill vs. Army

2nd Game:
Navy vs. R.C.A.F.

Free Tickets
Student tickets on presentation of McGill Athletics card, free.

At Gym office daily, 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.


TICKETS AVAILABLE DURING THE HOLIDAY FROM 9 A.M. TO 5 P.M.
ATHLETIC CARDS ARE NOT TRANSFERABLE.

Carib theatre. It's air-conditioned and we can relax as we listen to the Carib waltz before the second show. When the show is over at about 12.30 a.m. the only thing to do is to go to another party and dance until 6 a.m. After a week of nightly dances culminating in the New Year festivities, we go back to school around January 4th and spend the first term in recuperating from the joys of the Christmas season. —A.E.I.



Guaranteed PURE MILK
COMPANY, LIMITED
Guaranteed Pure Milk
Guaranteed Pure Homogenized Milk
Guaranteed Golden Jersey Milk
Chocolate Milk
Cream — Butter

DAIRY PRODUCTS OF HIGHEST QUALITY



Joyous GREETINGS
ARE BEST CONVEYED BY A GIFT OF
BOOKS
We invite you to inspect our large selection.
Ask for our 32-page Illustrated Catalogue
McGILL CHRISTMAS GREETING CARDS
22 Designs
THE POOLE BOOKSTORE
2055 McGill College Ave.



CHALLENGER
WATCHES
... ARE BUILT TO STAND THE STRAIN OF WAR ACTIVITIES!
WATERPROOF-SHOCKPROOF-NON-MAGNETIC
Birks JEWELLERS

Three of a kind!



CANADIANS ARE ALL ALIKE in one important respect. They do their own thinking and get there under their own power. It's a national characteristic.

No pampered or servile people could have built this nation. It took men of courage and moral fibre to clear the forests, dig the mines—to build our farms and factories, our cities and our towns—to give us a standard of living that is the envy of the world. Canada's greatness stems directly from the self-reliance and initiative of individual citizens. These qualities provide a sure foundation on which to build for tomorrow.

What is PRIVATE ENTERPRISE?
It is the natural desire to make your own way, as far as your ability will take you; an instinct that has brought to this continent the highest standard of life enjoyed by any people on earth. It is the spirit of democracy on the march.

THE ROYAL BANK OF CANADA

The Flamingo Legend

Continued from Page One

tacked time after time, the Heinkels would quit their target—driven off by Johnny's gun. It wasn't so much the lead the gun gave out—it was Johnny. He'd ride that gun for hours, laughing and singing, his crazy blue eyes would watch the sky. He knew Jerry intimately—it wasn't long before Jerry knew him. The 'Callie King' still piled the oceans loaded down with oil or gasoline, and while the other ships, same speed, same run, same cargo, lost the fight and went down—the 'Callie King'—she kept on sailing, with Johnny Flamingo riding her gun on the fore-deck. Nobody remembers her crew much—lads from Portland—Gloucester way—nor much about her captain Kenny Lafferty.

You might say all it amounted to was the luck the sea gives to a ship; but the 'Callie King' fought the sea; she fought the mines. She fought the raiding aircraft and the tin-fish. She fought them all with something more than luck. She fought them with Flamingo hugging close his gun, poised, sure against attack.

The luck grew poor for merchant ships. Like easy targets they went down, sending back only oil-soaked bodies rolling up on shore to tell the story. And when their casualties were even with the army, the landmen talked about their spirit. Only after men had died. That's why the story of Johnny Flamingo still lingers with the sea.

In January '42 the luck of merchant seamen failed. Went out like a gutted candle, smote still by the wind. And yet, in spite of that sure darkness, ships went out—and down.

Like all the others, so the 'Callie King'. She loaded heavy with high octane gas for Britain; she groped her way without a convoy towards her goal, and like the other times Flamingo watched on deck. Stood without tiring, straining, waiting. He'd felt so often as he stood the watch that he was a part of the gallant ship. The 'Callie King' had engines throbbing like his heart. Her spirit, his; his eyes, hers; until it got to such a point that he could never leave the watch. The January winds might slash him cold; the ice might settle on his gun; but there he'd be just like a statue, but one of warmth kindled by his merry laugh.

The moon was high and peering as they came in, off the coast of Ireland. The wind, the waves, the atmosphere were crying. Grief hung throughout the cabins and the hold, while out on deck Flamingo stood his watch.

They came, their guns and motors throbbing; they strafed death and broken glass flew wild. One less, as Johnny found his target, but on and on they came and aimed their guns. The 'Callie King' moved on, zig-zagged, cut back, like a wide-eyed, frightened doe, caught at bay. Two aircraft left—the sea leaped, wild with joy. Destruction was a thing she loved to see. The 'Callie King' cut back, surged forward, all now straining, her engines singing songs like Johnny's laugh.

They hit the 'Callie King', set her afire and in the midst of terror and cold, men lowered down to the sea in flimsy lifeboats. The Captain, Kenny Lafferty, called up to Johnny as he held the watch, but no quick answer filtered through the smoke. The captain scrambled back on deck to get Flamingo. Flames closed him in; and as the lifeboats cut the stormy tide, the 'Callie King' halloed in fire, shifted her course. Her motors still, her flag all tattered, torn, while up on deck a beacon flaming gold, was Johnny's gun, and Johnny, frozen to his watch, slumped by. The men called out, unfrightened now at last.

"Hi Johnny—Hoy Flamingo—Keep the watch!" And while the sea surged still, and cold winds swept the sky, his crazy laugh came swiftly through the waves, it caught the lifeboats, then moved on again, across the raging sea it knew so well.

And in the noise of death-locked battle on the sea, anywhere, off Guadacanal, the Orkneys, Scapa Flow, young sailors, weary at their battle stations, hear, above the pom-pom din, the aircraft's roar, his crazy laugh comes dancing 'cross the waves, to hearten them again. They stand their watch, now warmed by Johnny Flamingo's legend.

The Colonel and Mark

Continued from Page One

The singing drifted into the quiet—Mark leaned heavily against his rifle. Christ and peace seemed so ridiculous—what right had he—Mark Gifford, to pray to God—he who had killed—he who had forgotten the faith that his mother had taught him. It had been no good to him in the world of living reality—he couldn't live by it. The world asked for his allegiance—the world had betrayed the faith of men with a steel kiss of death. Why should he have a right to claim the values Christ had spoken about? He prayed on—Oh God forgive me—forgive me, help make me realize that this is my path of duty and service—that in serving my country I am serving my God and His humanity. He must get.

Suddenly a voice spoke to him "Mark—Mark." Mark raised his eyes and saw the strong face and clear eyes of a man in a uniform marked with the insignia of a colonel. He jumped up in a hurry, "Yes Sir." "You look troubled Mark—are you thinking about home and Christmas?" Mark was somewhat surprised at this colonel addressing him by his first name, nevertheless he answered, "Yes Sir, I was just sort of musing away about the folks and about Christmas and its meaning in this messy world of ours." The colonel smiled, "So you're searching for meaning, eh Mark?"

"Yes Sir, I can't seem to fit things together—you know, Peace on earth—brotherhood and all the stuff I'd like to believe in—it just doesn't go—I guess."

"Mark, you're worried because you feel you are betraying your faith—is that right?"

"I guess that's it Sir, all this death and destruction and hopelessness—even after almost two thousand years of having Christ's words to live by—it's hard to figure out."

"The great things of life are all hard to figure out Mark, especially for the little man."

"I guess you're right Sir"—Mark gave a long sigh of resignation—"but that doesn't help me much—what am I helpin' to do for humanity by all this—my father was killed in the last war fightin' for what?"

"Mark—tonight we celebrate the birth of Christ, we've always been taught that His was a life of kindness and love man to man—Isn't that right?"

"That's what I was taught Sir, and I half believed that the world did live by some of His ideas until I got into this—now I hardly believe anythin'."

"Remember the story of the men who defiled the temple—what did Christ do?"

Mark pondered a moment then replied, "I guess He got tough with them, Sir."

"Right, Mark, He got tough, He made a whip—rolled up His sleeves and beat them out of that temple—that's what you're doing today Mark—what your father did before you—beating the defilers of the temple of civilization—whipping them out—that's your job again today Mark—the same as it was Christ's nineteen hundred years ago—it takes time—and tremendous effort—but you're driving them out—you and thousands like you . . ."

"Well, I guess that's one way of looking at it, Sir."

"That's the only way Mark—the man of action is the man of Christ—the man who is willing to suffer as He did—to sacrifice as He did for ideals and principles—that's the man of faith—not the babbler and the mouthing hypocrite . . ."

Mark looked up to reply—he shook his head as if he had been in a sleep—he wondered where the colonel had gone. He shrugged his shoulders—deep down inside him he felt more secure—like a man who has found his faith again. The low roar of the bombers returning disturbed his thoughts—he looked towards the heavens and counted them—three-six-nine-twelve—that was all—in the silence that followed he thought of the men who had not returned—the greatest sacrifice any man can make is that he lay down his life for his brother.

Merry Christmas, Diary

Continued from Page One

Christmas. 'Course, Dad kisses Mom even when it isn't Christmas. But that's because they're married. Anyhow, I've never kissed a girl, not like Dorothy. I've never seen a girl like her. Merry Christmas, Dorothy, I mean, Diary.

December 24th, 1941.

Dear Diary: Well, this is the first Christmas I'm writing about in

this new Diary. In 1946, when I finish this book, it will be my second complete Diary.

Now, what will I write? To-morrow's Christmas Day which makes to-day Christmas Eve. My gang and I decided to stay up all night to-night, but I bet old Mrs. Grant won't let Mickey stay up. She has no idea whatsoever of the Christmas spirit. Boy, do I appreciate my folks at times!

I was just looking over what I wrote two years ago, when I was a kid. Imagine anyone buying presents for a dame! Boy, is my face red. Especially that silly kid Doty. Rod is buying a present for his girl. Wait till he's had my experience. He'll learn.

Well, Merry Christmas, Diary, Old Boy.

December 24th, 1943.

Dear Diary: To-night is Christmas eve. As I sit at my desk looking out of the window, across the street, and at the Church beyond, I can't help but feel a little subdued. This is my fifth year Christmas, probably my last one in civvies, and yet that old Church there has stood through those five years without budging a brick or blinking a window. I'm just beginning to understand what war is all about. Seeing your friends go away one by one does sort of bring it home to you.

Here, to-night though, everything is covered with a thick, white snow, and all the town seems asleep.

We have no Christmas tree this year. There are no children who need one, and never will be again in this house, I'm afraid. When I think of the eighteen Christmases I've spent in this house, in this room, I get scared. With all those memories behind me, why should I have to go to war, or is it because of those memories?

Will I be here next Christmas? Will I be anywhere? Will anyone? Crazy questions, yet they keep running through my mind.

My head touches the bottom of the blind now. When I started writing this Diary I had to stand on tiptoes to even reach it with my fingers.

Listen, I can hear Dorothy Blake playing the piano next door. Her boy-friend is in Italy. To-morrow I'm going over to her house, and this time, I'm going to kiss her—for her boy-friend, and Merry Christmas.

Well, Diary, the clock says twelve. It's Christmas, old friend. I hope it's the last year Christmas. I hope it's the last Christmas that men and women and children will have to spend afraid of bombs, afraid of death. I hope that next year Europe's people will be able to celebrate Christmas the way it should be celebrated—with holly and mistletoe, and plum pudding with brandy; with presents, and trees, and carols and angel music. . . . This year, their tree is a battlefield, decorated with the hearts of their people who have died for Christmas. . . . Their carols are heard in the hymn of steel, sung to the music of the bombers' drone. . . . Their presents are their bodies, and their plum pudding a rationed crust. . . . They are spending Christmas that way, so that I can spend Christmas this way. Some day I'll repay them.

Someday, when Christmas is what it should be, when snow falls instead of blood, when mistletoe hangs instead of bodies, and when "Peace on Earth, Good Will towards Men" will mean something, I'll repay them. I don't know how, but I will repay them.

Merry Christmas, Diary.

The Innkeeper's Story

Continued from Page One

have been in bed two hours before. Now, he would sleep in and the cattle wouldn't be out on the hillside till late tomorrow morning. Surely, they were thin enough. I called the boy to me, and I noticed he was holding something behind his back.

"What's this," I asked him, "what have you there, and why were you going out at this time of night?"

"Father Jude," he answers, as cool as you please, "I am sorry if I have done wrong, but I had to help her."

"What are you talking about? Help who?" then I thought of something. "Have you been giving food to the leprosy woman again? After I have forbidden you! Do you know the Ten Commandments? First, you break one by disobeying me and now, you seem to be stealing. . ."

"No, no, father, it's not the leprosy woman. It's those people who came this afternoon. . . the man and the woman with the beautiful face. I—I let them sleep in the cattle shed."

"You what?" I couldn't believe it.

"Yes, father, but you see I had to help them. There is a child new-born. Please let them stay there tonight, father, please."

Curses on the woman, I thought. Now they would have to be let stay there. And all, because of Hershah's bothering with the affairs of other people.

"What were you taking to them?" I asked, then another thought came to me. I grabbed Hershah by the arm. "Did you make them pay?" I asked him.

"They. . . they gave me some money when they went into the cattle shed," he said, in a frightened voice.

"Well, where is it? Or did you intend to keep it for yourself?" I almost hoped he did, for it would show that the boy had some hope of making a smart business man. But no, what does the boy say.

"I gave it back to them," he says.

"You what?" I could hardly speak.

"Father, you can take the money you usually give me for watching the gate until the cost of the shed is paid."

"Get to bed," I ordered him, exasperated. "And put that wine you were taking out, back into the jar."

"Please father, let me give it to them. I'll work for it too. But men have been coming all night to see the child, and I'm sure they would like a drink of wine now."

I gave up being surprised. Now, men had been coming all night to see the child. What next? Well, Hershah decided that he might as well make the story good. Rich men from the east had come, and brought gifts to the child. And shepherds had left their sheep go wandering through the country to come and see the child. The boy's mind must have gone completely, I thought.

"You get to bed, and I will go out and see these strange happenings in my cattle shed," I told him.

"But, father, you don't understand. The—the child. . ."

"Yes, what about the child?" This was getting more annoying all the time.

"The child," he says, in the voice he used to pray in when he was a little boy, "the child is the promised Messiah."

I didn't attempt to argue with the boy. What was the use? He was dreaming or had gone mad. I wasn't even angry any more.

"Go along to bed, Hershah, and everything will be alright in the morning. Here give me the wine, and I'll take it out to them."

Well, I went out to the shed to see if anything had been going on there. It must have been long past midnight; the night was cold and clear. I pushed in the heavy door. It was as I had thought. There was nothing there, except the cattle.

But Hershah always kept the belief that this Jesus of Nazareth was the Messiah who was born in our cattle shed thirty four years ago. Nothing I did could make him forget it. And now he has left me, left me who could have given the inn into his hands to run and to enrich us all. He has left me to follow a penniless Nazarene.

And that's the end of my story. Only there were two things I could not understand. Of course, I never believed the story that this Jesus of Nazareth was born in my shed, let alone that the Messiah was born here. That's why I don't understand these two things. The first is the decree that came from Herod the next day. "Every male child under the age of two years dwelling in Bethlehem of Judea shall be put to death," it said. And the other thing was this.

When one of the servants was cleaning out the manger, he found a piece of wood there. It might have been a child's plaything, so small and smooth, it was. It looked as if it had been whittled out by someone who had some talent for carpentry. But it was the oddest plaything. It was carved in the shape of a cross.

Brazil

Continued from Page Four

As evening approaches and the sun becomes a crimson orb on the rim of the dark encircling mountains, then the supper-parties, dances and other festivities begin. In the metropolis of Rio the casinos and cafes are filled with tall youths and streamlined señoritas who swing and sway to the rhythms of the newest "sambas", while the various athletic clubs all have elaborate parties and supper dances. Most people however prefer to stay at home and sit on the veranda with the rest of the

family, from where they can see the moon shimmering out over the sea and feel the cool caress of the ocean breeze.

Gradually the lights fade out; the City sleeps. Tomorrow is another day.

R. H.

Czechoslovakia

Continued from Page Four

and the visiting shepherds. A pile of presents wait to be opened by anxious fingers. First, however, everybody joins in singing the beautiful traditional carols.

The next day, being a feast day, the dinner at mid-day is the main feature and may consist of a boars' head surrounded by a string of sausages, or some fowl such as turkey or a goose. The afternoon is devoted to visits of relatives and friends.

During the festive season, the main squares of all towns and cities throughout the country are decorated by tall fir trees, which are lit up during the night by many colored lights. In Praha, on the Old Town Square, an especially high tree used to be erected and was called the National Christmas Tree. On a cold wintry night with fresh snow on the ground, it presented a truly memorable sight with its sparkling lights and as old carols were played and sung by the passersby.

Perhaps next Christmas this tree will again stand in its full glory and the people will be able to sing their songs in the open.

T. P.

French Canada

Continued from Page Four

tree? Well, that was only for the adults to notice! So Paul, Louise, Andre, Madeleine and Therese all rushed to the "old man's" side and "Climbed his knees, the envied kiss to share."

Then Santa gave away all his treasures till he had nothing left for himself (you can bet he got a present on the side). Paul received marbles, a Christmas stocking and thousands of other things. Claude received a watch and Francine a bracelet. Maybe they did not believe in Santa anymore, but they still believed in Christmas.

Then it was time for the reveillon. There was a big turkey on the table, the traditional Christmas meat pies, the 'pate de fole gras' and the roast drippings. And then came the Yule log (that's a cake, believe it or not), and the wine. Mother had prepared a lot and so everyone ate more than he should. But that also was part of the ritual. By now it was four o'clock, the party was over. And so to bed. Maryelle.

Old-Fashioned Christmas

Continued from Page One

and its sigh came loud in the silence.

Kayne lay back in the arm-chair. Quiet settled on her mind; in place of the whirling tumult of thoughts was numbness. Just an emptiness and a dull ache that kept awareness of something wrong. Almost she wished for her former bitter thoughts and resentment—anything to make her forget by sharper pain the constant ache.

The stairs creaked, and a small night-gowned figure came creeping down and into the dimly lit room. Kayne sat unmoving in the dark corner. The light from the hall fell softly on the short braids, the wide dark eyes, as an awkwardly shaped bundle was pushed into one of the stockings that hung at the mantle. She turned to slip upstairs again, caught sight of Kayne, threw her a conspiratorial glance, and was gone with a patter of bare feet.

Kayne got up and poked the parcel with interest. Absent-mindedly she turned on the lights of the tree. The sharp sweet smell of the fir drifted around her.

If Mike could only be here—share these things with her: the tree. . . the dark branches fantastically floating in the red and yellow and blue radiance, the jewel colours or ordinary glass balls, the mysterious aura surrounding the glass bird with the remains of his spun glass tail, Santa Claus and the clockwork robin sitting cheerfully together under the red light, the faint silver glow of the crowning star.

The children's book of carols was open on the piano; Kayne turned the pages idly. She found "We Three Kings" and began to play softly so as not to wake the little ones. The warm dim light was only just enough to read by, but she was playing from memory. Her fingers slid easily into the chords of "Holy Night." Overhead the two children, still awake, took up the refrain in thin, sweet voices.

Tears came at last, relieving pain. "Sleep in heavenly peace." Their voices lifted light and true. And Kayne was at peace.

The Ukraine

Continued from Page Four

service. Then comes the Christmas Day dinner with friends and relatives and the best that a family can afford is provided on this occasion. The adults usually do their visiting in the evening which is spent in familiar chanting and carol singing, while the children continue their rounds with the carols.

This celebration goes on until New Year's Day which is on the 14th of January. On this day parties of youths in unusual attire visit the homes of "eligible" young ladies. The most ancient custom on this occasion is parading some sort of clownish figure which the head of the party tries to "sell" to the host. Only after the price is settled do they move on with their noisy performance. The young ladies of the house enjoy this sort of act very much but the host usually tries to get rid of the "foolish display" as soon as possible much to their dis-

their homes to last throughout the year.

Thus ends the celebration of the birth of Christ, but the spirit of "goodwill towards men" remains; thus with devout prayer and faith in their hearts

these people are well prepared for the hardships to come.

Anna Hilbechuk.

Make-up experts are the latest thing to the Fountain of Youth. —St. Louis Post-Dispatch

GIFTS
He Will Appreciate

	Silk	Wool
House Gowns	9.50	17.25
Ties—hundreds of them	55c to	1.50
Spats		Socks
1.50 to 1.95		55c to 3.00

Gloves	Scarves
1.50 to 2.50	1.50 to 5.00

All in boxes.

McLAUGHLIN and HARRISON
TAILORS and CLOTHIERS
1461 McGill College Ave.

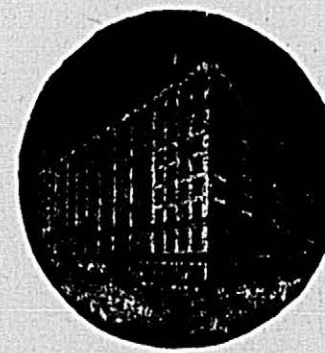


Well equipped
because
Well shod
SLATER



SLATER'S
FLYING WONDER

SAMOVAR
RUSSIAN
ART RESTAURANT
CABARET
A BRILLIANT REVUE
FEATURING
TALENTED STARS
AND
Renowned Beauties
LUNCHEON 50c
DINNER DE LUXE \$1.50
NO COVER
1424 Peel St., MA. 8975
Delicious Lunches Served Daily



MONTREAL'S
BIG STORE
IS
AT YOUR SERVICE

EATON'S — Shopping Headquarters of the Young and Smart! Are you acquainted with all our services and conveniences — instituted especially to make shopping a pleasure! They're YOUR services — use them!

CLEVER GIFT IDEAS—Novel ways to include War Savings Stamps with your gifts — Special Booth, Main Floor.

BEAUTY SALONS—Skilled operators to help make you look your best in the Salon Elysee, Fifth Floor and Basement Beauty Parlour.

WAR SERVICES DEPOT—We help you choose, weigh, stamp and mail your gifts to those in the Armed Forces.

REST ROOMS — Third Floor Rest Room, large and airy with comfortable chairs and desks. Checking service without charge.

T. EATON CO.
OF MONTREAL